Vol XLIV No 2280

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A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 1 : 1900

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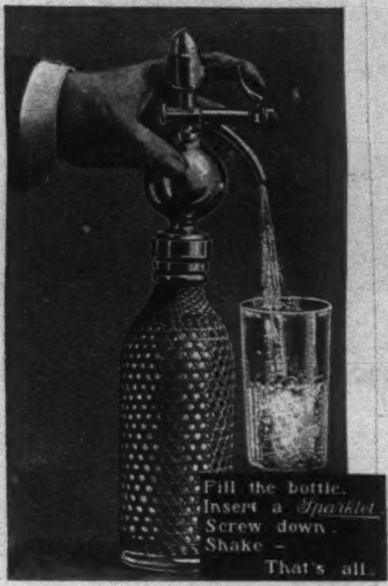

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Any club desiring to arrange matches or exhibition games between Taylor and amateurs or other professionals may communicate directly with the BUSINESS MANAGER of GOLF, Franklin Square, New York.

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ON THE BEACH AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1900

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A Case for Sympathy

WITH the highest respect for the motives of the gentlemen who composed it, we cannot refrain from saying that the notion that the Liberty Convention held recently at Indianapolis was a gathering of patriots and completely sane men is one of the most extraordinary delusions of modern times. It is worthy of the scientific attention of Professor HYSLOP of Columbia College, and we trust that when the distinguished Columbian's projected society for the study of the "phenomena of hallucinations, coincidences, apparitions, and automatisms" is finally endowed with the $50,000 needed to put the institution on its feet it will not fail to devote a portion of its funds to a thorough investigation of the symptoms of the Liberty Convention. In itself the study of hallucinations and illusions is a highly interesting pursuit. It is extraordinary how many different kinds of self-deception men practise without really knowing it, and the hard-headed, clear-thinking man who is endowed with that rarest of gifts, common-sense, prone to criticise harshly individuals whom he considers to be humbugs, should give pause to his wrath against these, and in the study of certain phenomena of life find charity for the objects thereof. We should always remember, when we come to the parting of the ways with some hitherto admired friend, who sees things that we cannot see, and who hears things that we cannot hear, and whose perceptions take in as existing facts certain conditions which we know to be mere images, that all men are not created equal in the pursuit of sights, sounds, olfactory and other sense perceptions. Organs are not always in tune, and just as one's liver may make life seem a burden under certain distressing conditions, so also do the organs of perception sometimes fall from grace and turn all sweeter, purer colors a deadly yellow. What is one man's truth is another man's lie. There can be but one truth, of course—which is where the man who advocates it has the advantage over the other fellow, who may find his mind beset with a million untruths that to him appear to be in accord with the eternal verities. When we bear in mind that a scientific study of delusions proves that these are objective as well as subjective; are sensory as well as mental; that there are more states of consciousness than there are States of the Union, the health of each and every one being dependent on an infinite number of irritating and unavoidable conditions in the experience of the individual, we should hesitate before placing in the pillory the man with whom we cannot agree because he senses things that we are perfectly well aware are purely fanciful. No one blamed the poor soul whose remarkable case is cited with interest by the scientists for believing, under certain conditions beyond her control, that "a church congress was being held inside of her," because she could "feel it," even though we smile broadly over the conclusion that the scientists reached that this was "not a fallacy of perception, for no one knows what a congress in such a locality would feel like." One is merely sorry for the sufferer, because one realizes that the circumstances which brought the delusion upon her were beyond her control, and when she asserted later that she was still convinced that the congress had not adjourned, because she could hear the speeches and could grasp the arguments of the contending orators, it was impossible to think that she was otherwise than perfectly sincere in her belief.

The Liberty Convention at Indianapolis is an analogous case. Something is going on inside of its members, and it seems to us that the test of the respective persons who are contending against the hallucination of Imperialism lies in the question, are these people quite sane, or are they otherwise? If sane, are they sincere? We have not the slightest doubt that Mr. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL really believes that there is danger of Imperialism in this country. If he were not absolutely sincere in this belief, he could not have so ardently belittled his own intelligence in the minds of men of sense by giving utterance to the following period in his address at Indianapolis:

> The troubles in China have been aggravated and the missionaries and ambassadors of the various governments have been put in peril by the policy of the United States. Is it not true that in the last ten years there have been statements again and again that it was the purpose of the various states of Europe to partition China? When we entered the Philippines it was an additional menace to the Chinese Empire, and it has led to the revolution in China and put the missionaries and ambassadors in peril of their lives. Instead of being a fortunate circumstance, the fact that we were in the Philippines was the chief occasion of that revolution in China.

As a symptom of Mr. BOUTWELL's present mental health, this statement should arouse our sympathy rather than our animosity, since, as our neighbor the New York *Tribune* so well and so considerately puts it, it shows "that venerable and high-minded statesman to be the victim of the most palpable delusions."

Similarly with Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN we should be gentle when he perpetrates with a solemn face and most serious purpose the crowning jest of the campaign so far, that we owe our gold standard law to Mr. BRYAN. That we do not owe our gold standard law to Mr. BRYAN is aside of the mark. That Mr. COCKRAN believes we do is evident, for if he did not believe it, he would not stultify himself by saying it.

And so with all the lights, high and low, of the Liberty Convention. It was the most solemn, the most consecrated gathering of men of various hallucinationalities that has yet been seen in this country. Every one of them meant what he said; every one of them said what he meant. They were all sincere, and we trust that they will all recover. In any event, when we come to judge them, we should bear their motives in mind, and treat them with that gentle consideration to which the weakly and sick are ever entitled at the hands of the strong.

The Liberty Convention was convened in a hall; it should have been held in a sanitarium.

An Invitation

SO much for the Liberty Convention and its delegates. What of the candidate? Is Mr. BRYAN sincere in this matter of Imperialism, or is he merely using the hallucination as a cloak beneath which he may creep into power and put into operation the unfortunately real and destructive heresies of which he is the chief exponent in the country to-day, and of some of which he is the actual author? We have never had the pleasure of getting into the inner consciousness of Mr. BRYAN. We should admire greatly to do so. We should like to watch at close range the workings of his extraordinary mind; to take notes of the operations of that marvellous brain of his upon which to base an article on an American industry which has manufactured more pernicious political doctrines in four years than have been turned out by all other heresy concerns combined in the one hundred and twenty-four years of our national life. Frankly, we should like to believe Mr. BRYAN a sincere man. When an individual becomes one of two men who must inevitably occupy the chief office of this nation for four years to come, it would be a comfort to know that, whichever way the people chose, conviction, absolute and immovable, would rule. That Mr. BRYAN has shown a remarkable loyalty to his faults none can deny. Is he equally loyal and is he equally sincere in his adherence to this new vision of Imperialism as an issue? He can prove it if he is. He is stumping the country with this Indianapolis delusion as his theme. He is petting his 16-to-1 plank in the privacy of his home; he is exploiting the false cry of Imperialism abroad, and he promises us that in the case of his election he will give the Filipino a "stable government." It is proper that we should ask Mr. BRYAN of what this "stable government" is to consist. It is his own fault if millions of voters of this country are asking themselves if he has any ideas on the subject of "stable government." If he has, it would be interesting to know what these are. What is his plan? How will he deal with the insurrection? Upon what terms will he negotiate with the rebels who are actually impeding the establishment of a stable government, and are expending their energies in an open defiance of law and order in the Philippine Islands, as represented by the forces of the United States government? Mr. BRYAN has about ten weeks in which to tell us in just what way he proposes to reform the present conditions in the East, and there are millions of people waiting to hear from him, and in some sections clamoring for the inspired utterance which is already overdue. We offer Mr. BRYAN the use of the columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY in which to state in plain terms the precise method by which he proposes, if elected President, to make the Filipino happy, and to restore the United States to its erstwhile proud position of champion of liberty.

A man who has as much to say as Mr. BRYAN has on the subject should have concealed somewhere among his papers an outline at least of a constructive policy, and the candidate is now confronted with an opportunity to give the lie to those who proclaim him to be nothing more than an agent of destruction.

THE Populist candidate for the Presidency recently delivered himself of these inspired words:

> The Republican party, which was unwilling that a black man should be sold for $1000, now claims that a Filipino can be bought for $2 50. The principle is exactly the same.

Credit to Whom Credit is Due

We have always contended that Mr. BRYAN did not know a principle when he saw one, but when, in a matter of principle, he detects a similarity between the Republican party of to-day and the same party of 1861, in spite of the fact that the Emperor of Epigram puts the case badly, we are compelled to give him the credit which is his due. Of course Mr. BRYAN's figures are no more accurate than usual, but his conclusions are unassailable. The principle of the MCKINLEY administration in the Philippine matter is precisely the same as that of the LINCOLN administration towards the negro. Slavery must be stamped out. Freedom must be accorded to all. Law and order and national integrity must be maintained at any cost. It is a matter of surprise to us, in view of the fact that the only obstacle in the pathway of the Filipino to absolute freedom to-day is the insurrection of AGUINALDO, aided and abetted directly or indirectly by Mr. BRYAN and his followers, that the Populist candidate has so openly indorsed the principle which has been a guiding one in the policy of the Administration. It shows that consciously or unconsciously Mr. BRYAN is a generous opponent.

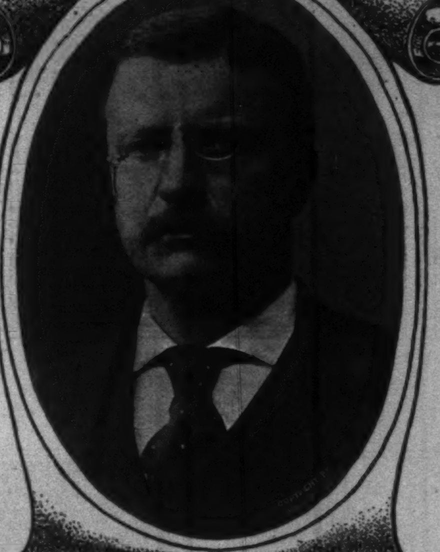
An Alternative

WE have but one regret over Governor ROOSEVELT'S manly letter to General PALMER explaining that in his famous St. Paul speech he did not accuse all Democrats of standing for lawlessness and dishonor at home and for cowardly shrinking from duty abroad, and that is that the Governor should have thought it necessary to make any explanation at all in the matter. What the Governor said was susceptible to no misunderstanding whatsoever except at the hands of irresponsible and unscrupulous opponents who would stop at nothing to bring about his defeat. By no possible twisting or turning could the Governor's utterance be construed into a sweeping charge of dishonor and cowardice against Democrats as individuals. The attack was wholly—and clearly so to persons who are at all familiar with the English language—an attack upon the Kansas City platform, which is no more Democratic than the platform of an anarchist convention would be, and its makers were characterized fitly as advocates of dishonor at home and cowardice abroad because they have incorporated into their official utterance a demand for a debased currency and an emasculated judiciary at home, and an abandonment of definite responsibilities in lands outside of the American continent.

The assaults upon the Governor in this connection are based upon malice or upon ignorance of the precise meaning of the simplest terms of the English language. We leave the alternative to our Populist brethren to choose for themselves. The few remaining Democrats of the sterling sort are not concerned in the matter at all. They are neither malicious nor ignorant.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S ADMINISTRATION

By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON



THERE are a good many moral problems which one may evade by flying to the safe retirement of an observer—a mere observer, let it be understood, for it has been pointed out that a "Veteran Observer" is necessarily a retired politician who pretends that his partisan arguments are temperate and impartial reports of what is passing before his aged and experienced eyes. There is also, but not always, seeming safety to those who walk in the middle of the road, but who usually receive the blows intended for both sides by reason of the position into which their judicial temperament has obtruded them. Nevertheless, there is usually a middle way; and there is generally a better point of view, for the mere reaching of the truth, than that of either of two contestants.

This is said because there are many of strength of mind, of character, of sincere patriotism, who are intensely interested in politics, but who devote themselves to inviting immediate defeat in order that they may deliver in the end a staggering blow to corruption. Their object is ideal. Their whole work is altruistic. They are the kind of men with whom decent people prefer to associate. They decline to use the tools which are ready to their hands, because they esteem them foul. They regard existing conditions of party management not only as something to be overthrown, but as something demanding immediate overthrow; as something so radically wrong, so essentially and vitally degrading, so fatal to the commonwealth, that good government by means of such conditions, or in alliance with them, is impossible. They will have none of them. They will not coalesce with the machine. They decline to consider union with it even for the accomplishment of a temporary advantage over vice of the most flagrant sort. They go even beyond this. They have no charity whatever for those who differ from them, and they denounce a man like Governor Roosevelt, for example, and charge him with base conduct for the gratification of his ambitious designs. On the other hand, Governor Roosevelt and men of his kind consider these critics foolish. The Roosevelt kind of man believes that much good can be accomplished for the State and for politics, for the efficient and honest government of the one and the purification of the other, by doing the best that is possible with the tools at hand.

It may be easily seen from this brief, and necessarily imperfect, statement of the differences between the two classes that there is a fine opportunity for a judicial point of view, and that the road is wide enough to afford excellent walking in the middle of it. It certainly seems to be well that the state should be considered, and that its interests should be consulted. It is true that if there are evils they are chargeable to the people. It is true that the people ought to recognize the grosser evils, and they do eventually, but the demonstration of their existence and their perils requires time and patience. This time is devoted, and this patience is manifested, by the theorists, the idealists, and if it were not for the moral atmosphere which is created by these kicking, biting, scratching, shouting honest and intelligent reformers, there would be no opportunity whatever for the practical good men like Roosevelt, for men of his kind receive nominations from machines purely because there has been created a momentary popular demand by the unselfish patriotism which devotes itself to waking up sluggish minds and dormant consciences. When the machine thinks it can evade the demand, or that the popular uprising for virtue is over, it drops the Roosevelt kind of man, or shelves him, as Mr. Platt has tried to do, by making him the candidate for Vice-President.

We will now examine, if you please, the government of the State of New York entirely from the point of view of the Governor and his friends—a government in touch with the Republican State organization, but not obedient to it wholly; a government whose first object is the public welfare, and whose second object is the strengthening of the Republican party. I am not pretending to be in sympathy with this secondary object, and I shall not discuss it. There has been, there is, and there will continue to be, abundance of discussion as to the propriety of Governor Roosevelt's relations with the machine, and what I want to do is to point out something that has not received much attention, and that seems to me worthy of note in the interests of political reform generally. It is strange that reformers themselves have not strengthened their case by using the good that has been done in Albany to demonstrate the extent of the influence which an honest and intelligent, though partisan, Governor can exert upon all branches of the government. There have, of course, been blunders—blunders which the friends and well-wishers of the Governor, and the Governor himself, regret—but I shall not go into these mistakes, for I do not intend to have my argument diverted or disturbed by them.

As a politician, Governor Roosevelt is a machine or organization man, and as a public official he recognizes, as they say, the organization and its leaders. But this statement must be qualified by the further statement that he selects his advisers and co-operators from those members of the machine whom he trusts. He does not advise with the regular leaders of the organization except for the purpose of securing their alliance when it is necessary for the accomplishment of a purpose upon which he has already determined, or for the purpose of ascertaining whether they have a proper candidate for an office that is to be filled. He is a partisan who is independent and honest. He considers his party, and will do all in his power to strengthen it if he can do so consistently with the public welfare. Sometimes he falls very far short of the ideal, but that is because he does what he thinks is the best with the tools at hand, and with the conditions under which he works—conditions for which the party, and the people who have placed his party in control of the State government, are responsible.

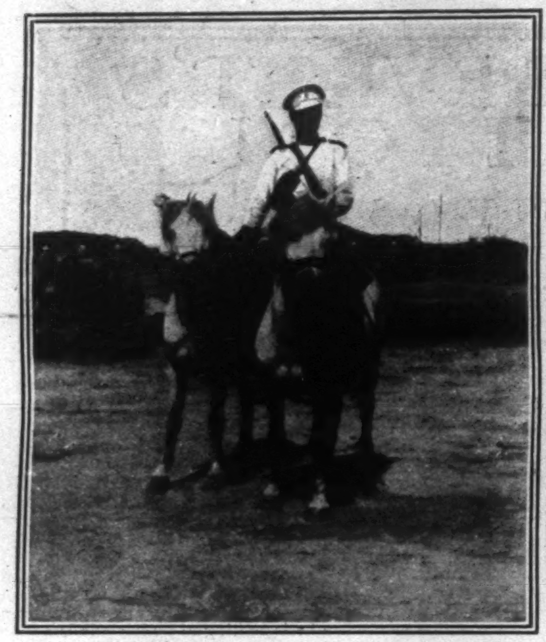
The results of Governor Roosevelt's administration are striking. The whole government machine is the better for him. The departments are managed on business principles, and legislation is improved. Some practical work has been done in law-making and all important "strike legislation" has been stopped.

The great interest of the State which was the main point of attack is that of the canals. These are under the management of John N. Partridge, whom the Governor appointed to succeed George W. Aldridge. The reasons for the change and the circumstances (including the struggle of the machine against the Governor) of Mr. Partridge's appointment are well remembered. It is unnecessary to say anything about them here, for my purpose is merely to say that the office of Superintendent of Public Works is managed by Mr. Partridge as a business office, and on the plan prescribed by the Governor. The Deputy Superintendent, Mr. Hooker, was selected without the intervention of the machine leaders, or of any politician whatever. He was chosen by the superintendent for professional and business reasons, and was accepted by the Governor because Mr. Partridge had found him to be the man whom he desired for his assistant. Subsequently the politicians agreed that the appointment was good. Under the former superintendent the appointments of lock-tenders and of other local employees were made at Albany; and naturally, being so made, were merely distributions of political patronage designed to strengthen local organizations. This method has been changed. The division superintendents now appoint their own subordinates, and may, therefore, be held responsible for them—a thing that was, of course, impossible under the old system. The rule of appointment to places outside of the classified service is that the men to be appointed shall be competent and honest, and that if the Republican machine has the right man, in any instance, that man shall have the place. It might be supposed that the machine likes this, but it does not. The machine may prefer competent and honest men, but it does not make competency and honesty essential prerequisites. The essential quality to the machine is that the man shall belong to it, go its way, fight its battles, hate and discountenance its enemies, and obey the commands of its leaders. If a dishonest, lazy, useless person will do all this he is preferred by the machine to a good man who will not implicitly satisfy all the requirements of the modern slave system. The Governor insists on men who will first do their work for the State. If, after that, they serve the machine he prefers them to those who are opposed to the machine. This theory strikes one as impossible of realization, and I fancy it is. There are very few, if any, good men who are capable of obeying the machine, and, as a matter of fact, Governor Roosevelt has little use for those who are thorough-going machine men. He is somewhat of a rebel himself. What he said to two young Assemblymen who went to Albany for the first time this winter illustrates his view. They were college men, and belonged to the best element, and the Governor had hopes of them. "If you are independent and free," he said to them, "I'll consult with you; if you are cattle, I'll go to the driver." What he means, apparently, by a machine man when he is talking of politicians is a man who belongs to the regular organization, a working party man who stands by the ticket. His administration, therefore, is that of an honest partisan, and it can be said of it that if it is strengthening the hands of the organization it is also giving the State good government.

The result of this rule has been to discourage the machine to a large extent, and, I should expect, to discredit it with its followers. Very few requests for appointments are made of the heads of departments, which would seem to indicate that the machine is poor in the right kind of material. I have made some inquiries on this point of the Department of Public Works, and of Mr. Heins, the State architect, and I am told that the machine makes very few requests. Mr. Heins himself is an instance of an appointment without any political influence. The machine did want the retention of architect Perry, but when the leaders, Mr. Platt and Mr. Odell, discovered that that was impossible, they had no architect on their list to recommend. So Mr. Heins went into office under the general instruction to consider the State first, and the Republican organization second, and has been troubled very little. Appointments have been made at the request of leaders, State and local, but when the men named turn out to be worthless they are dismissed on that ground, and the leaders are notified that they can name another man if they have one that is all right. The effort to find good men seems to discourage the leaders, who are accustomed to different methods.

This does not sound like ideal politics, and it is not. It is said to be practical, and it is. The machine is consulted, but it does not govern. Governor Roosevelt has not obeyed its commands in any important respect, but, in some instances, he has won its acquiescence and co-operation. He would not accept Mr. Hendricks, whom he has appointed as Superintendent of Insurance, as Superintendent of Public Works, because he was too closely connected with the canals, although he has always regarded him as an honest and efficient man. He forced Payn out of the Insurance Department. He gave the State a sound civil service law. He insisted on the passage of the franchise tax bill against the strongly expressed wishes of Mr. Platt. He had much trouble with the organization over the new Fish, Game, and Forest Commissioners. He was obliged to make a hard fight to secure Ramapo legislation and a charter commission, and, in a general way, it can be said that his administration has been a pretty constant and difficult struggle with the machine. What result this may have had on the large ethical question of politics, the great question which must be settled right, may be doubtful, but that the State's affairs are better administered is an incontestable fact.

Doubtless the best result of all is the fact that Governor Roosevelt has put heart into the good men of the Senate and Assembly. There are some excellent men in both Houses who devote time and intelligence to their duties. They are in a minority, and without the Governor's counsel and aid they would have little incentive to activity. Now they make an impression because they are recognized as the Governor's friends. They can work for good legislation, and they can stand out against bad bills with that confident earnestness which goes only with the consciousness of possible triumph. They know that if they are beaten on a bad measure the Governor will stand by them with his veto power. Ramapo legislation, the civil service legislation, the reform of the charter of Greater New York—whatever has been done, or is to be done in these directions will be due to Governor Roosevelt's persistence, and to the energy which marks his friends in the Senate and Assembly, with whom he constantly consults, and whom he has inspired with courage. There is a new and a finer atmosphere about the Legislature at Albany, due to this administration. Not an obvious "strike bill" has become a law since Governor Roosevelt was elected. This is his boast, and it is true so far as I know. It is evident, of course, that no one will buy "strike" or other bad legislation that is certain to be vetoed when it reaches the Executive Chamber. To have accomplished all this is certainly a great achievement for the State—an achievement which ought to appeal very strongly to all who are engaged in the task of endeavoring to make the democratic form of government purer and more efficient.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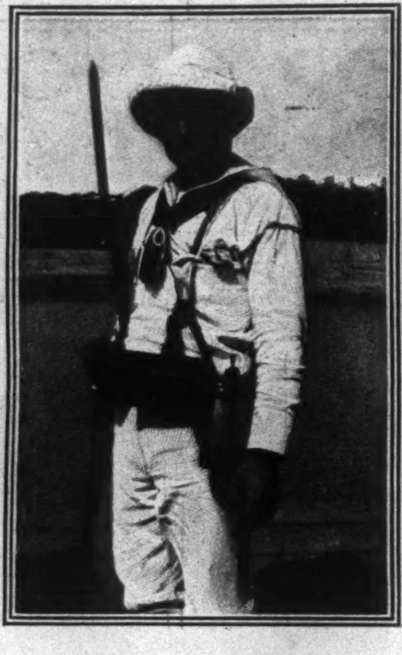
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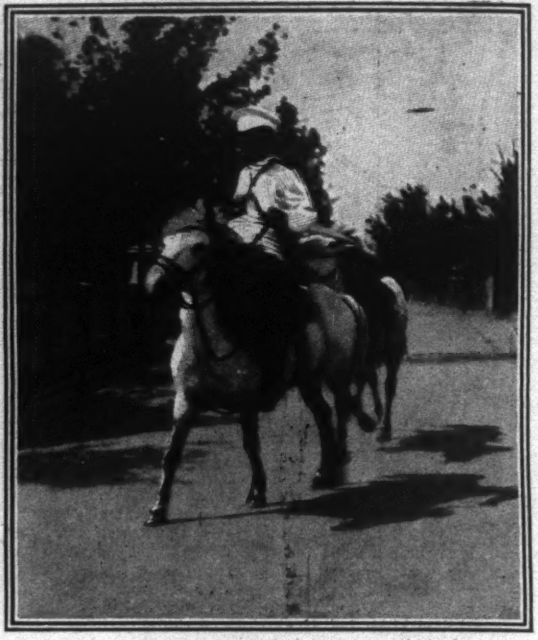
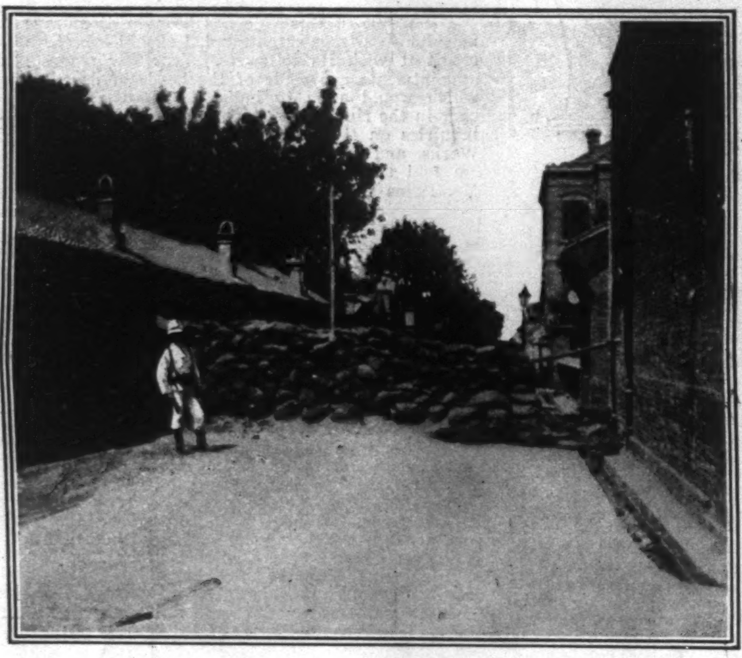
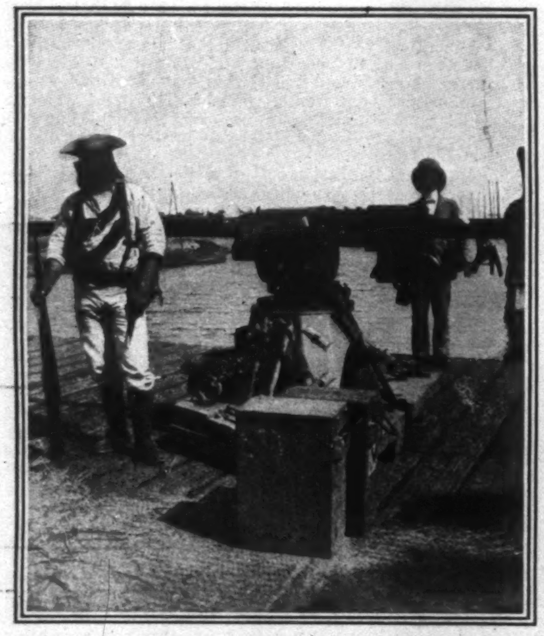
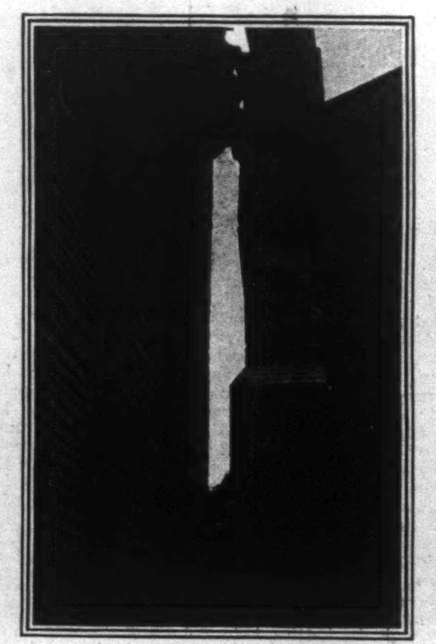
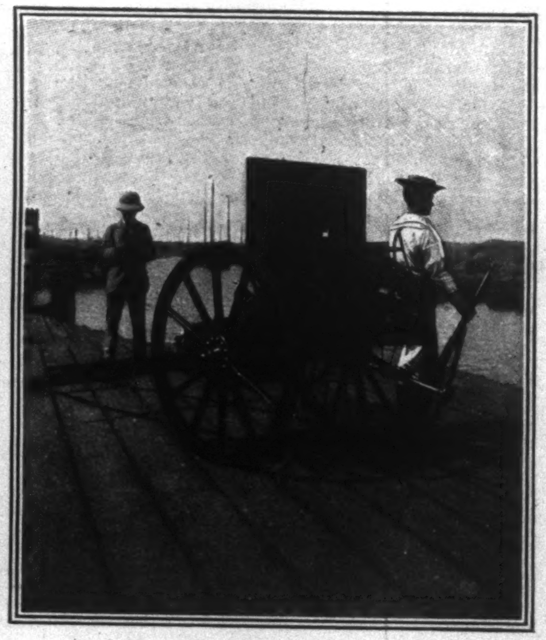

RUSSIAN COSSACK.


BARRICADE IN FRONT OF THE BRITISH CONSULATE.

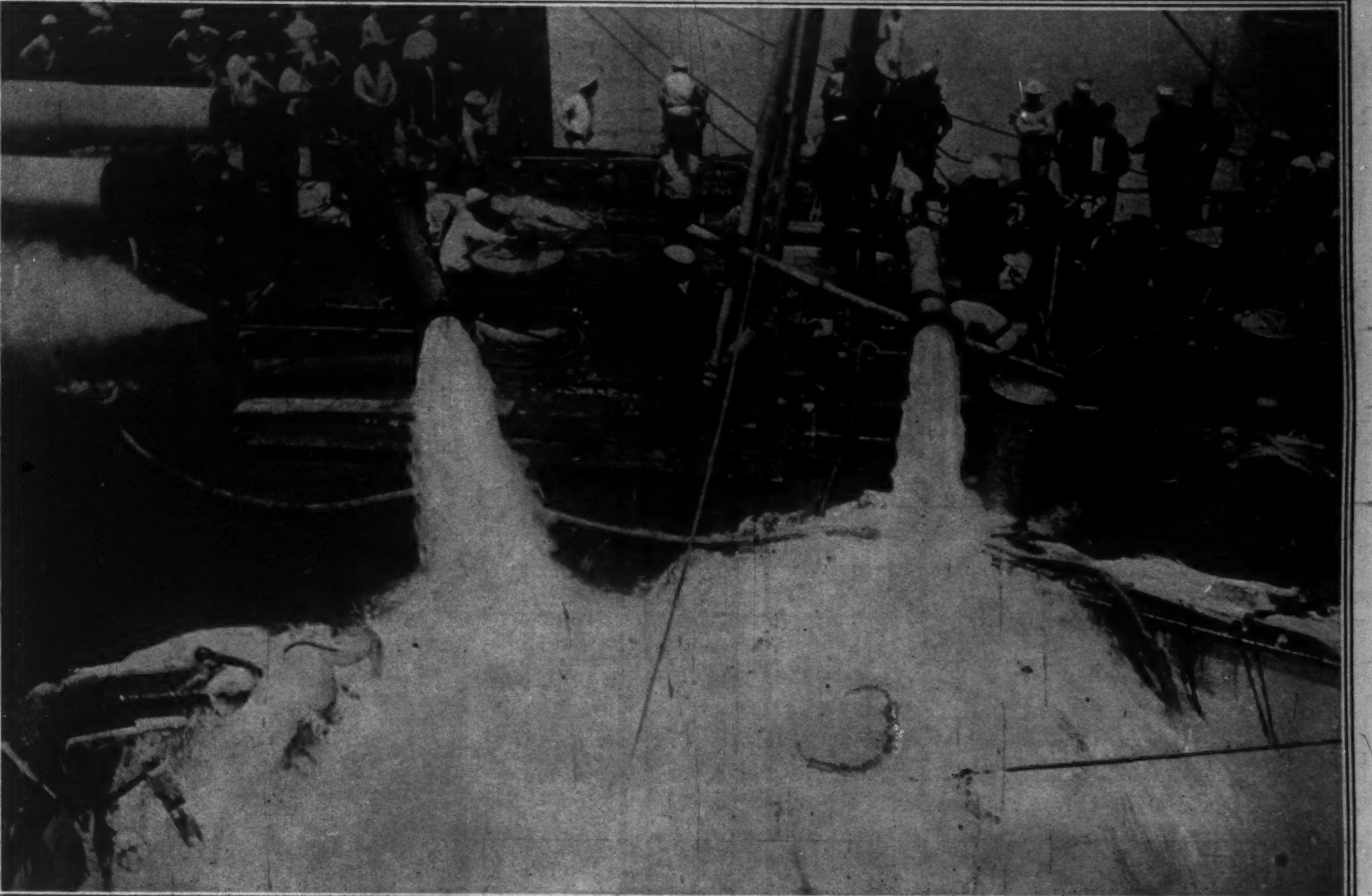
RUSSIAN SAILORS CARRYING AMMUNITION.


BRITISH SAILOR ON THE DOCK.


BUILDING HIT BY A CHINESE SHELL


A BRITISH MACHINE-GUN.

TIENTSIN—OCCUPATION OF THE CITY BY THE ALLIED FORCES.



By Courtesy of *The Navy Chronicle*.

THE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON" ON PINNACLE ROCK, GULF OF PECHILI, JUNE 29, 1900.

Pumping out the Hold through the two main Circulators, each of which is shown throwing an 18-inch Stream.

The U.S. Forces in China

BY C. L. POOR, ENSIGN U. S. N.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

TAKU, *July 9, 1900.*

THIS is a significant date in American history and in the records of the United States army. For the first time in our national existence have American regular soldiers been landed for war on the Asiatic continent. American marines have been landed in Asia before now, and have fought and added honor to their record in many places the world over, and have made themselves especially well known and respected in China, but never before have our soldiers set hostile foot in Far Cathay.

The troops so fortunate as to have gained this unique distinction are the officers and men of the Ninth United States Infantry. They are commanded by Colonel E. A. Liscum,* and the whole regiment with its band and a most carefully and completely equipped baggage-train is present. The soldiers arrived on the big transport *Logan*, while the animals and baggage-train followed in the transport *Port Albert*.

The Marine Corps is represented in this landing by a fine and well-equipped battalion of 350 men from the Cavite navy-yard, under Colonel R. L. Meade. In service and expeditions of this sort these sea-soldiers are in their proper element, and in less than twenty-four hours from the date of their first orders the whole battalion, with artillery stores for three months and with every equipment complete, was thoroughly settled on board the flag-ship *Brooklyn, en route* for the scene of the trouble. Already there are ashore with the allied forces nearly two hundred more marines, under Major L. W. T. Waller, and these combined with Colonel Meade's battalion will give over 500 men, which, added to the 1200 men of the Ninth Infantry, makes no mean force of picked men.

The landing was effected this morning by means of two large lighters for the two battalions of the Ninth, and seven boats from the *Newark* and *Brooklyn* for the marines. The third battalion of the Ninth remained on board the *Logan* to go in later. It was a bright sunny day, with a light breeze ruffling the yellow waters of the gulf, and a faint haze that dimmed the low, indistinct outlines of the shore and the Taku forts at the river mouth. The great fleets about us seemed entirely cut off from land, and one might have thought some friendly naval conference was afoot did not the lines of men in campaign hats and heavy marching order streaming down our white sides, and the distant boom of guns, tell us all that we were taking part in a very momentous affair, and that perhaps the map of the world was being changed by us and those about us.

I could not but contrast it with just such a bright day in June a few days more than two years ago, when I saw our men making their first landing across seas. The surroundings were quite different on that occasion. Then we had green hills and rocky shores and burning thatch houses, and none but American flags in sight, except for one or two Cuban banners ashore. Here there is no land in sight—only a gently moving mass of muddy waters, and the ships that cluster about us wave the flags of the greatest nations on earth.

With practised precision and order the marines filed into the boats, cast off and went over to the *Logan*, where they made fast astern of the army lighters. Then a peculiar-looking tug that had been captured up the river by the energetic commander of our gunboat *Monocacy*, and put in charge of Lieutenant Bryan, U. S.N., of the *Newark*, took the flotilla in tow and slowly started for the shore.

As the boats swung slowly in a circle about the ships, the bands of the *Newark* and *Brooklyn* and the Ninth's regimental band played the national anthem. Then, as the long tow swung in near by the trim Austrian cruiser *Zenta*, that ship's band formed on her quarter-deck and played "The Star-spangled Banner," while her crew gave three hearty cheers, which were returned with a will from the lighters, though the throats of the men had already been well tried in answering the cheers of the American ships.

The boats swung slowly on through fourteen miles of yellow water to Tongku, where the faithful old *Monocacy* afforded a temporary resting-place for the marines, and where the lighters halted for a short rest before starting on the sixty-mile trip up the river to Tientsin.

TAKU, *July 14, 1900.*

The fleets of war-ships of the allied powers assembled at the mouth of the Pei-ho is undoubtedly the finest and greatest general gathering of ships that the Pacific has ever seen, and ranks with the great meetings at Kiel in 1895 and Spithead in 1897. These are the vessels:

Russian.—*Dimitri Donskoi, Rossia* (flag-ship), *Navarine, Sissoi Veliky, Amiral Korniloff, Petropavloosk, Rurik, Vladimir Monomak, Gaidamak, Vsadnik, Zabiaka, Mandschur, Guiliak, Koreetz, Sivoutch, Bobre, Otvajny* (at New-chwang), *Gremiatschy* (at the Bar), four torpedo-boats, and one destroyer.

British.—*Centurion* (flag-ship), *Barfleur* (second in command), *Endymion, Orlando, Aurora, Alacrity, Humber, Algerine, Fame* (destroyer), *Whiting* (destroyer), and one torpedo-boat.

German.—*Hertha* (flag-ship), *Kaiserin Augusta, Hansa, Geflon, Iltis, Jaguar*, and one torpedo-boat.

French.—*D'Entrecasteaux* (flag-ship), *Jean Bart, Pascal, Descartes, Surprise, Lion*, and one torpedo-boat.

Italian.—*Elba, Calabria.*

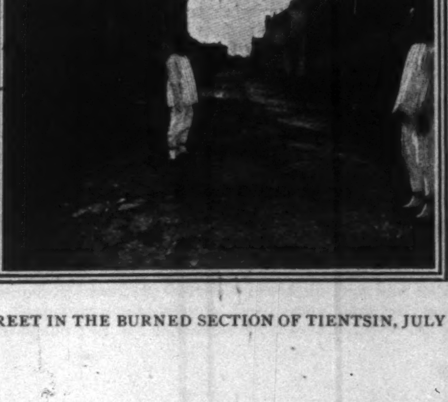
Austrian.—*Zenta.*

Chinese.—*Hai Yung, Hai Chi.*

Japanese.—*Tokiwa* (flag-ship), *Yoshino* (second in command), *Kasagi, Takasago, Akitsushima, Atago, Kagero, Marakino, Hayabusa, Suma, Takuta*, and two torpedo-boats.

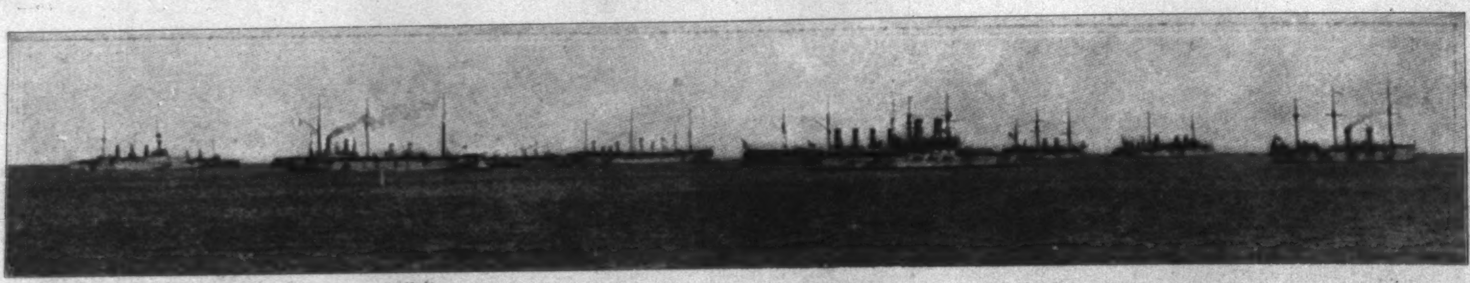
American.—*Brooklyn* (flag-ship), *Newark* (second in command), *Yorktown, Nashville, Monocacy, Solace* (naval transport), *Iris* (collier), and *Zafiro* (despatch-boat).

These vessels are anchored in a group about ten miles from the Taku forts, whose dim outlines may be seen on the horizon to the westward. Nearer approach to the land is prevented by the rapidly shoaling water, five and a half fathoms deep at this anchorage. The waters of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li are here made yellow by the muddy water flowing from the Pei-ho, upon whose banks is Tientsin, and at whose mouth are the huge Taku forts, so conspicuous in all the wars in the East. The British were defeated here on the 27th of this month forty-one years ago. It was upon this occasion that Tattnall made his celebrated "Blood is thicker than water" speech. And the other day when, side by side, the American and English seamen were bearing the brunt of the advance together, fighting and dying together, and two days ago when the *Brooklyn's* men lined the rail and cheered the British naval brigade returning to their ships, the old saying bore truer and deeper meaning than ever. All nations have



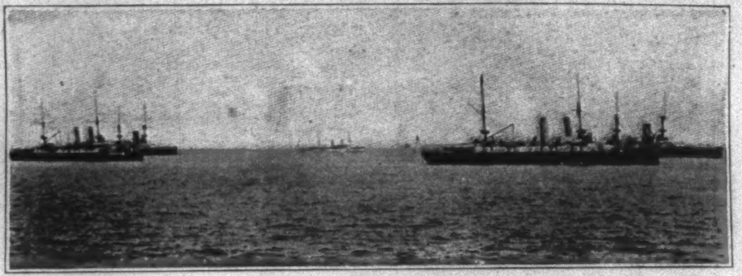
STREET IN THE BURNED SECTION OF TIENTSIN, JULY 18.

* Killed in action (July 13) after this letter had been mailed.

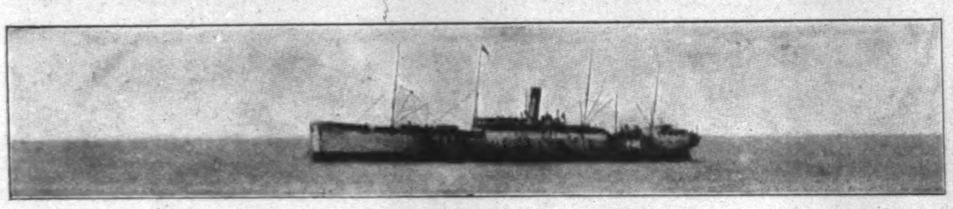


THE AMERICAN AND ALLIED FLEETS AT THE MOUTH OF THE PEI-HO.

AMERICAN MARINES LEAVING THE "BROOKLYN."

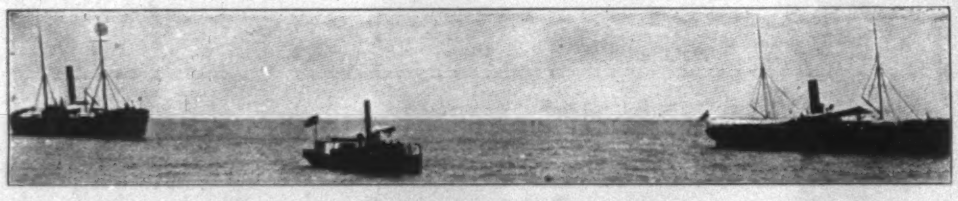


PART OF THE BRITISH CONTINGENT.



THE UNITED STATES ARMY TRANSPORT "LOGAN."

COLONEL MEADE, U.S.M.C., AND STAFF.



SUPPLY-SHIP "ZAFIRO," CAPTURED TUG, AND DISTILLING-SHIP "IRIS."

THE AMERICAN WAR-SHIPS AT TAKU.

learned to respect and like one another in this fighting in a common cause.

The ships are anchored by nations, in groups, although there is no perceptible interval between the groups, and all ships are within signal distance of one another. By means of the international code the flag-ships of the several nations talk to one another as readily as any two ships of the same service. Information and bits of news are constantly being sent to and fro by the strings of many-colored flags, and the signal-men of the ships vie with one another in quickness and smartness—a rivalry in which the bright apprentices of the *Brooklyn* are well able to hold their own. Steam-launches are constantly dashing to and fro, carrying busy flag-lieutenants and aides on mysterious errands, or clustering under the stern of some flag-ship where a consultation of admirals or captains is being held. Despatch-boats are coming and going, bearing the papers and cablegrams that tell the waiting world what is going on so many thousands of miles from home. These despatch-boats are sent to Chefoo, about 180 miles away, the powers, except Russia, taking turns in sending a vessel at four o'clock every afternoon. Russia at first maintained her communications through her near-by base of Port Arthur. The telegraph there led across China, however, and was cut about five days ago, after which Russia, too, sent *viâ* Chefoo. This latter place was, until to-day, the terminus of a telegraph line to Shanghai, whence was cable communication with the world. To-day comes the news that the line has been cut, and now despatches must be sent nearly 600 miles, to Chemulpo, in Korea, whence a telegraph line passes through neutral Korea into Siberia. Should this fail the despatch-boats will have to run to Shanghai, 711 miles away, or to Japan.

Men-of-war are constantly coming and going, running to and from Japan, Wei-hai-wei, and Kiao-chau for coal, or supplies, or men, and so the composition of the fleet is changing constantly. The list given above represents only those ships that habitually lie at Taku. There are British men-of-war at every port on the coast, especially at Shanghai, where they are watching the Chinese men-of-war collected there. There are German ships at Kiao-chau, and Japanese at Chefoo and in Japanese waters, and there are Russian ships at Port Arthur and Vladivostok, while we have the *Monterey* at Hong-kong, the *Princeton* and *Don Juan de Austria* at Canton, the *Castine* at Shanghai, and the *Oregon* in dry dock in Japan. Thus it will be seen that the fleet here, great as it is, does not by any means represent the total available naval strength of the allies in these waters.

The Russian fleet, as befits the greatness of her interests in the outcome, is the largest and strongest. Grouped together in the middle of the allies, with their white sides and heavy guns and their many masts and spars, the Russian ships make an impressive spectacle. They all carry remarkably large crews, and could land a strong force.

Great Britain has an effective and homogeneous fleet of five vessels of size, the sea-going battle-ships *Centurion* and *Barfleur*, and three large cruisers, while she has many other available ships guarding her many interests at other ports, including among others the huge *Terrible*, fresh from her South-African experiences. Her fleet is commanded by Vice-Admiral Seymour, whose gallant but unsuccessful attempt to reach Peking is by now history. He has been in command in Tientsin until two days ago, when he returned and hoisted his flag on the *Centurion*. He is the ranking officer present, and so is in charge. Prior to his return the Russian vice-admiral was the senior officer. Japan, Germany, and France are also represented by vice-admirals, the United States coming next with Rear-Admiral George C. Remey. The British, Japanese, and United States have also a rear-admiral as second in command.

Germany is represented by four fast protected cruisers of from 4000 to 6000 tons displacement, and some gunboats. One of the latter, the *Iltis*, in company with the British gunboat *Algerine*, did splendid work on the day the Taku forts were taken. France is represented by four fast protected cruisers of from 8000 to 4000 tons displacement.

Japan has present the new armored cruiser *Tokiwa* and some fine and fast cruisers, including the *Kasagi*, built at Cramp's ship-yard in Philadelphia.

Austria's representative is the smart 2300-ton cruiser *Zenta*, while Italy takes part with two 2700-ton, well-armed cruisers.

Anchored in the midst of the fleet and with the breech-blocks removed from her guns lies a fast heavily gunned cruiser flying the dragon flag of China, with her crew still on board. Upon the outbreak of the fighting with the Imperial troops the German flag-ship cleared for action and ordered the commander of the *Hai Yung* to come on board, threatening to sink his ship if he moved her or showed hostile intention. The breech-plugs of the Chinese guns were then removed, and the vessel rendered helpless, and so she lies under the guns of the fleet. Her position is surely an anomalous one. The commander of another fine new Chinese cruiser, the *Hai Chi*, scenting danger, went down to where the *Oregon* lay grounded, and anchoring near, sent his officers and men over to assist in floating that vessel, and put himself entirely under the orders of Captain Wilde. Hoisting the American flag at the fore, he asked the good offices of the *Oregon* whenever a foreign vessel came in sight. An American officer was sent on board the *Hai Chi* and she lay safe under the guardianship of the *Oregon*, unmolested, although a foreign cruiser appeared for the purpose of removing her breech-blocks. When the *Oregon* left to go to Japan the *Hai Chi* hastened down to Shanghai to join the other Chinese vessels, and there she lies now under the guns of the English ships.

Our own force here is not large, but it is a thoroughly efficient and well-supplied one. The absence of the *Oregon*, of course, is appreciable, for her magnificent strength is greater than that of any ship here present, and she is the most powerful vessel in the Orient. Our representation, however, is splendidly led by the armored cruiser and flag-ship *Brooklyn*, under the command of Captain C. M. Thomas, U.S.N. With her heavy turrets, high white sides, large masts, and lofty funnels, she is most noticeable and prominent among the ships, and is superior to all the cruisers except, possibly, the enormous 12,000-ton *Rossia*. Next in importance is the protected cruiser *Newark*, commanded by Captain B. A. McCalla, U.S.N. In addition to these we have the gunboats *Yorktown*, Commander E. D. Taussig, U.S.N., and *Nashville*, Commander Raymond Rodgers, U.S.N. Last, but by no means least, we have the famous old double-ender iron paddle-wheel gunboat *Monocacy*, Commander F. M. Wise, U.S.N. Of very light draught, "crossing the bar on a heavy dew," as they say, and easily handled, she can go where few ships can penetrate, and to-day she is most efficiently guarding the base of supplies for Tientsin at Tongku at the mouth of the river. Her commander has been appointed Governor of Tongku and placed in charge of transportation by the allies, so that the railway from Tongku to Tientsin and the lighter service are managed and run by American naval officers and men. Running railroads is not quite in the usual line of naval work, but the American jackie is a "jack-of-all-trades and a master of"—many besides his own.

The American fleet is also well supplied with auxiliaries—a very important thing when at such a distance from our nearest home port of Manila. The naval transport *Solace*, the collier and water-ship *Iris*, and the supply and despatch steamer *Zafiro* are with the fleet. Anchored near by also were the army transport *Logan*, and the mule and baggage-train transport *Port Albert*. The *Logan* left yesterday for Nagasaki, carrying in her cabins a large number of the former European residents of Tientsin.

The great distance from shore and the very low water on the bar at the entrance of the river render necessary the use of many lighters and tugs, and these are constantly coming and going, loaded with men and stores from the Russian and Japanese and American transports that have come steaming in loaded with troops. Torpedo-boats, many of them captured from the Chinese at the taking of the forts, are coming and going furiously all through the day.

All in all it is a busy and interesting scene about us.

The Advance on Pretoria
V. From JOHANNESBURG to the CAPITAL

General Ian Hamilton

Colonel De Lisle

By WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

THE rank and file of the British army before Johannesburg gave a sigh of relief when the news of the surrender of that city was confirmed. The soldier with a sovereign or two in his pocket looked forward to happy days of rest when he might squander his wealth on the good things to eat in the restaurants. There were junior officers, too, who pleasantly pictured in their minds merry little suppers, with a comforting bottle or so, in one of the city's many hostelries, and longed for spring-beds and sheets as a relief from the hard, cold ground and a close-wound blanket. While the giddy ones speculated on the pleasures of life obtainable, the gray-headed knowing ones of high rank (who always live in the best houses at hand any way) shook their heads and smilingly said, "Little Bobs is going to Pretoria before we take a rest."

The wise ones, bedecked with crossed swords and crowns and buttons of rank, were right. Lord Roberts did not even stop in Johannesburg longer than to witness the "March Past," but pushed four miles beyond the centre of the city, below the outer edge of the bold encircling hills to the north, where he established his headquarters in the quaint little road-house of Orange Grove, on the main highway to Pretoria.

General French—quite in keeping with the reputation he has gained for great activity—had already pushed northward with his cavalry force, and was camped at the half-way station between the two great cities of the Transvaal. This last spurt was due to information received that a Boer Long Tom was slowly trekking to Pretoria, a few miles ahead, but, as usual, it had mysteriously disappeared, though the fighting burghers were so closely pressed that they did desert a twelve-pounder at a farm-house; not so hurriedly, however, that they forgot to carry off the all-important breech-block.

The British game of war had taken on the character of a six-day go-as-you-please race in the feelings of overstrained soldiers and broken-down horses, and bitter was the disappointment in the hearts of many that Johannesburg was not to be a temporary halting-place, though a certain glad relief had come to the minds of every one in at last getting away from the horribly monotonous veldt, with its treeless, lifeless, endless waves of earth and seared grass, to this region where artificially reared trees flourished amid the scenes of gigantic mining enterprise. In either direction—east or west—the eye followed into the blue distance immense buildings of mining concerns, with their lofty slender smoke-stacks and huge, heavy-topped head-gear, fitted with the spider-webbed wheels of cable hoists.

Two days of military preparation; the moving of one division here and another one there, and the final advance on Pretoria began at daylight on June 3.

Lord Roberts's big column is moving on the railway to the right and will strike Pretoria to-morrow morning, where the steel line enters the hollow of the huge, abrupt rising hills. General Hamilton is five miles away on the left, and, as the sun declines, the hills, low and blue in the morning, have grown to threatening purplish-brown masses, looming tier behind tier, and suggesting impregnable positions for the enemy. Generals French and Hutton are moving still farther to the left, and they have had the advantage of ten miles lead, so that unconfirmed rumors are afloat that they have already entered the capital.

The country about the vicinity of the kopjes has become strongly rolling—the immense wagon trains go down, down, for two miles in columns of three or four, until the bottom of the valley is reached and their forward moving in mass is stopped by a deep spruit and drift; then, while the mounted troops are slowly feeling the way over the distant rise, and the footies are already stolidly tramping on, the transport officers are shouting orders, in their weak English voices, from the banks of the stream to wagon-train conductors and drivers. The sun sets to-night behind banked clouds—almost the first in five weeks of clear, flawless skies of blue.

"Join and re-enforce French on the left of Pretoria, and keep at least nine thousand yards away from the Daspoort fort to the west of the city," were a portion of the orders for the next day. The night has been bitterly cold. The first rays of the sun sparkle upon a white mantle of frost, and some men have even seen films of ice on the still, dammed pools of the Dutch farm-house in the hollow.

Hamilton is skirting three miles from the edges of a portion of the high mountainous rocky ridges which encircle Pretoria. For an hour the column moves steadily forward, almost due west and to the left of the hidden city. Suddenly the head of the column, led by Colonel De Lisle's Mounted Infantry, is halted. A headquarters' staff galloper rides hard for the rear, and the colonel announces that orders have been received to return and proceed direct to Pretoria over the main road, as we will enter the town to-day.

The column has hardly turned on itself before this information has been carried from mouth to mouth through the entire division. The Colonials, who are distinctly demonstrative as compared to British soldiers, go wild with delight, breaking out into cheers, three times three, and then into songs, each and every man seeming to sing his own special ditty appropriate to the occasion.

Six-Mile Spruit has been passed. From ahead to the right comes the deep-throated boom of heavy guns, now slow and faint, one every minute or so; another mile forward the growling thunder has changed to punctuated explosions, growing faster. It is the big British naval guns trying to dislodge brave Louis Botha and his twelve hundred men, who had returned to defend Pretoria with this corporal's guard, against the onslaught of fifty thousand British soldiers. One is not surprised that the big gallant hearts of such men as Botha and De Wet sicken and grow despondent when they see their original forces of thousands melting away—no, skulking away—man by man, refusing to fight, when, if not victorious, they might at least, with honor to their country, inflict losses on their hated enemy, with a minimum injury to themselves.

Lord Roberts had met the enemy on the kopjes stretching out in long rocky ridges to each side of the railroad, which rise to high, flat centres and drop away in gentle slopes, though the front approaches are exceedingly steep. The city of Pretoria, the capital of a nation, was not to be given away after all, except over the bodies of the dead. It seems that Louis Botha, soldier, statesman, and general commanding, was not informed that the seat of government was to be deserted, and great was his heat and chagrin, after the Johannesburg battle, where he had striven vainly to make four thousand stand and fight, to find that Oom Paul and all his Star Chamber associates had decamped with the funds of the government. It is true that Lydenburg, as a last retreat, had been discussed months previously and agreed upon as the remaining position, where amid broken mountains and far from railways they might lure on the attenuated British forces, possibly to destruction, but the astounding action of Kruger, Steyn, Groeblar, and Smuts, in failing to notify the military commander in the field of their intention to flee, coupled with the failure to pay the last two months' salary of the government clerks left behind in Pretoria, cast such a profound suspicion on their integrity that even Botha was inclined to believe that the Star Chamber was attempting to leave the country and their cause, broken-hearted perhaps, but with all the available cash in their possession as a salve for their wounded feelings. Some of his force raced after the fugitive President, overtook him, and, it is said, even diverted his line of march to Lydenburg and saved his honor and the funds to the fighting burghers.

The President and his immediate associates strongly advocated the desirability of surrendering Pretoria, on the plea that any other course might result in the destruction of the city and great loss of innocent lives. General Botha would not hear or obey such dictates, but insisted that, if all his soldiers deserted, he alone would fire a gun against the intruders. In view of the fact that General Botha, convinced even against his will, in the last few weeks, of the corrupt doings of the supreme leaders of state, had threatened to take over the government himself and depose the President, his humor was not on, in which to listen to the advice or admonitions of these men in whom he had lost faith. His staff were unanimous in their desire that this able man should, by military force, possess himself of the reins of government, but it has been said that Botha hesitated to reveal to the world the weakness of the administration, and thrust on outsiders a condition so akin to the common political practice of some South-American republics.

All his entreaties to his burghers brought forth only the twelve hundred fighting-men who were now, in scattered bunches, delivering a well-directed small-arm fire upon British troops advancing beyond the two-thousand-yard mark.

Hamilton's Mounted Scouts were painfully climbing the broken kopjes a mile ahead of the main column—they seemed to move like snails among the yellow rocks. Roberts's naval guns boomed and boomed, now three or four miles to the right, but still ahead over the first ridge of hills. Nothing on the first hill, for the squads were standing boldly against the sky-line. Orders come to move forward, and another half-hour elapses before the skirmish parties of cavalry in scattered ranks have gained the crest and look down into another wide valley, walled in beyond with similar lines of kopjes to those upon which they stand. They see before them on the left the scouts once more cautiously climbing, step by step, nearer the upper edge; one almost sees them crouch, waiting for the weet, weet of sniping bullets. To the right the plain is covered with hundreds of wagons, packed behind a low rise in the earth; and beyond, upon the other side, thousands of khaki-suited men, almost invisible to the eye on the yellow earth, lie in postures of rest, while above them, a thousand yards in the sky, the balloon floats, a tiny ball connected to earth by a silver thread. Puff! A cloud of smoke rises somewhere beneath the balloon's vicinity, and then another. The seconds are counted instinctively—fifteen go by, and the boom of the naval guns over three miles away comes with a distinctness not noted before. The pom-poms are all pounding away too, and there is a small field-battery blazing somewhere, with smokeless powder, but one cannot locate any of them.

Steadily Hamilton moves up to join Roberts's left flank, moving in at different points for several miles along the hills, first small numbers of men, and then larger and larger as the enemy does not develop, until for miles his twelve thousand men are scrambling up the heights.

He has opened a battery on the right crest of the nearest kopjes; it hammers away for five minutes without reply, and then Boer shells fall almost to the yard upon it. The Mounted Infantry, who are holding this point until the infantry arrive, slowly draw back under cover of the edge of the hill, near their held horses.

The mounted men below are being shoved up a long ravine to the left of the battery, and, as they stumble and limp over the broken rocks, the soldiers have difficulty in keeping their eyes on the horses' movements, for far above the bullets sing in dozens over them with a peculiar high, sad little note, like some flock of diminutive birds.

Looking backward now, under safe cover of the hills from which the British troops will fight, one sees small puffs of dirt and balls of smoke; shells breaking among Roberts's wagon train. They are aimed at the balloon, apparently, though some are dropping dangerously near the naval guns.

A few mules, a wagon, and a man or two are torn by flying fragments; no one notices them much or seems to care, for scattering shell fire is of so little importance in these great columns.

Hamilton, Broadwood, and De Lisle cross the level top of the kopjes they have gained, one after another. Bullets fired from nowhere (or, at best, driven from somewhere in that opposing mass of earth and rock) hiss by them, now whining as they go high, now with the fierce hiss of a snake as they pass close. One bullet strikes a rock near Colonel De Lisle and ricochets away with a devilish howl; he does not turn his head, though the men just behind him dodge and then laugh at one another, with a quick, foolish cackle.

There is no fight really going on, because there is no visible enemy to fight—the Boers shoot at every man who exposes himself above the top of the hill (and the British soldier is prone to risk his person), but, on the other hand, not a Boer is ever seen.

THE MOUNTED INFANTRY RUSHING INTO THE SQUARE.

THE BEGINNING OF THE "MARCH PAST."

The naval guns, the light artillery, and the pom-poms of the British, it is true, keep up a hurtling of shells all over the surrounding country, and particularly do they hurl the four-point-seven lyddite shells against the forts on the inner mountain-tops, from which never a reply has been received.

We learned next day that every great shell which flew the top of a fort went screaming up the valley into the town, and several of them splattered into the home of the American consul.

It was the general opinion that the Boer force of unknown strength would hold us off until General French, who, in a laborious march to the left, was clambering over hill after hill, succeeded in an attempt to flank Pretoria from the west.

The sensational drama of the day, resulting in a defeat of the enemy, came, however, an hour before sunset.

The irregular Horse, which held the crests of the hills before the enemy at the opening of the fight, were replaced by Imperial regiments of infantry and the City of London Imperial Volunteers, as fast as they came up. Then the Mounted Infantry were extended to the left as quickly as the men could lead their horses along over the masses of loose and broken rock just beneath the cover of the hill's crest. Colonel De Lisle, with the second corps, was in the advance. They had extended some two miles on this movement, when Colonel De Lisle and his officers saw they were looking upon the flanks of the inner ridges held by the Boers, and from one position the setting sunlight was reflected brightly back from the windows of Pretoria itself, not over four miles away.

The Boers were leaving their cover behind the hills, and through the passes groups of two and three horsemen were discernible, riding into the city. Colonel De Lisle determined upon a charge down the valley in the rear of the enemy and straight upon the town. It was a bold, daring conception, and the New South Wales Mounted Infantry—dashing, dare-devil fighters that they are—went with him.

At full gallop for over two miles—horses stumbling, falling, throwing riders beneath the hoofs of animals racing behind—they kept on, madly, breathlessly. The fallen ones pluckily rose, stiffened and bruised, mounted again and followed like satellites of the main body.

Two thousand yards from Pretoria! Less than four hundred men armed with rifles and with a single galloping Maxim threatened the capital of the Transvaal, while high above them the great silent forts of the Boers frowned menacingly down upon this little band in the valley. In reality they were not in great danger, though this fact should not take one iota from the dashing, daring bravery of the deed, as not a man in those ranks had any reason to believe that he was not in a position to fight fiercely for his life, until re-enforcements could be hurried forward. The nearest succor was two miles away.

Colonel De Lisle instantly determined to send in a demand for the surrender of the town, under a white flag. The privilege of carrying that message into the chief political city of the Transvaal was an honor which any man in the British army would gladly have died in gaining. It fell to the lot of Lieutenant W. Russell Watson, an officer in the New South Wales Mounted Infantry, who was acting as orderly officer or "galloper" to Colonel De Lisle.

It was 4.55 P.M., June 4, 1900, when the last touch in tying a cheap cotton handkerchief to Colonel De Lisle's crop was finished; and Watson, with his young, handsome face set tense, his eyes sparkling with excitement and determination, drove his spurs into his horse and galloped townward. They who remained felt the nervous tension more perhaps as they gazed without sound or motion at the single figure, now rising to the top of a gentle undulation, now disappearing, appearing again smaller and smaller, until he and his tiny white flag were swallowed up in the street of the lifeless town.

What will happen? He seems to have been hours away when it is only minutes. Three men are riding from the end of the street now. It is growing so dark all that can be distinguished is that two ride back to the city and one comes on. It is Watson. He brings a letter from Louis Botha to Lord Roberts, which says that he will meet the Field-Marshal at nine o'clock to-morrow morning to discuss the terms on which the city may be surrendered, and in the event he refuses to consider the proposition, to determine upon the time which will be granted for the removal of the women and children outside the sphere of action.

It was a remarkable case of bluff on both sides; Watson had held himself straight and puffed out his chest, as he assured Botha that he must instantly surrender the city or the division of the British army just at the outskirts would begin an attack. Botha, on the other hand, could not have brought together at sunset more than two or three hundred men, and yet we find him demanding that he be permitted to discuss terms of surrender. It was a clever and effective move on his part, for hours elapsed before the message could be delivered to Roberts and the answer returned, which positively refused to discuss any terms except unconditional surrender, though Lord Roberts expressed his willingness to meet General Botha at the time named to arrange regarding the disposition of the women and children.

Botha, by this manœuvre, was able to hold back the immediate onslaught of the British troops, and, during the long night, train after train streamed out of the city eastward toward Delagoa Bay, carrying supplies and ammunition.

Colonel De Lisle held his ground with the New South Wales all night, but few men slept much; for, added to the bitter cold, which had to be borne without the full supply of blankets and overcoats, there was the anxiety that the enemy would be discovered at daylight flanking them on the kopjes to the left. Indeed, a most ridiculous incident occurred just before the break of dawn. A heavy muffled rumbling, as if artillery were being moved with extreme caution, came through the quiet air from the left. Louder and nearer it grew. Whispered orders were hurriedly passed through the camp. They must capture those guns before they could get into position. Off to the rear one small party crept; another, stooping low, moved directly toward the sound. The men remaining strained their eyes, seeing nothing in the darkness, and hearing now their heart-throbs louder than the bumping of the heavy wheels over the rocks below. A laugh clear and loud, taken up by a dozen throats, came startlingly and piercingly back. It was Pretoria's garbage-train of wagons drawn by a traction engine, making its usual morning trip under the guidance of Kafirs.

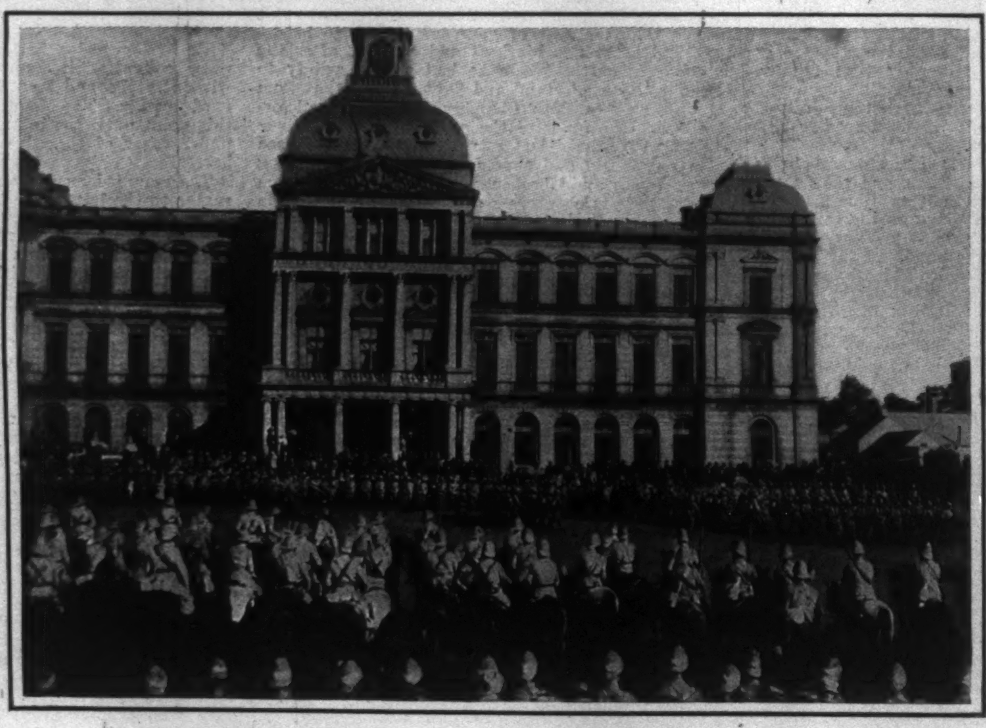
Botha did not keep his appointment, so Lord Roberts began moving his troops into the city promptly at nine o'clock, meeting with no resistance whatever.

The correspondents raced into town through by-paths and side streets; any way to get in without being stopped by some officer of rank, who seems to think, as a rule, that part of his professional service is in obstructing the newsmen as much as possible. Great was the surprise to find the streets already filled with khaki-clothed men, and it took several minutes' explanation before it was realized that these were officer prisoners of war, who had practically mutinied against their guards the night before and refused to march a step out of Pretoria. If there had not existed such a chaotic condition of Boer military affairs in the city the previous night it is likely many of them would have been killed. Here they were safe and sound, every officer (except the few poor chaps who had died of disease) that had been captured from the very first engagements. It should be admitted that they looked exceedingly well fed, and the great majority of them say that prison life at Pretoria had been irksome rather than severe.

Ten miles away, at Watervaal, five thousand more British soldiers were imprisoned. Their fate was unknown at the moment, but an hour afterwards tidings were brought back by a galloper of the force which had posted on rapidly through the town to their succor; all but nine hundred prisoners were let go scot-free. One marvels that some nine hundred common soldiers, out of several thousand prisoners, should have been hustled on toward Lydenburg, instead of leaving them and taking every officer, whose rank in military and often in civil life made him the more valuable for exchange and in future negotiations.

Nothing was left to be done but the shouting; nothing but the "March Past," the great formal review when Lord Roberts would take over the city for his Queen, and express, in stately salute and glistening eye, his appreciation of his men. There was something flat and disappointing in it all; the show had not been worth the money. Even the soldiers felt cheated that they had been tortured over so many miles of veldt, and in the end Pretoria, the only Pretoria in the world, had disgraced itself by passively remaining on the surface of the earth! There should have been an earthquake or some great convulsion, now that there could not be a fight.

The citizens stood around in throngs near the centre of the town. Except the released officers, everybody seemed to wear the bored look which said, "Now you've got it, what are you going to do about it?" The feeling gradually changed near noon when the preparations for the grand review began. The audience woke up to greater interest when the great square was cleared and soldiers a yard apart, with fixed bayonets, lined its outer edges,



THE INFANTRY PASSING IN REVIEW BEFORE LORD ROBERTS.

leaving the huge rectangle empty, with the populace crowding and jostling behind.

For over two hours they waited and watched, expectancy rising rather than decreasing, though the standing was wearisome, and the mid-day sun flooding the streets was hot and glaring. At 2.05 P.M. a squealing and a groaning far up the street—the sweetest music on earth, the Scotsman declares, because it is so close akin to nature and the sighing of the winds and waves, but others have their own opinions. The craning throng on the double-decked verandas of the hotel strain their necks over the rails.

With chests thrown out and dirty khaki aprons rising and falling before the sturdy swing of naked knees, the pipers, of whom Roberts himself is so proud, come marching bravely down the street, their arms upon the bags seeming to keep time to the grunts and squeals and caterwaulings piercingly rising to heaven, or bounding from wall to wall of the narrow street.

A roar of voices, sheer shouts of triumph mixed with defined hurrahs, drown everything, even the bagpipes. The English contingent massed at the hotel cries itself hoarse with delight—those Englishmen who pride themselves on their calm reserve, their dignified demeanor, and the repression of every exhibition of natural impulse, are throwing their hats away, pounding one another on the back vigorously, and screaming as only an insane man can, or a Frenchman.

Into the square, little gray-haired Lord Roberts rides, a magnificent soldier, with not an equal as a military administrator in the British army. He looks very sober and quiet, but with such a kindly face. Lord Kitchener, stern, beetle-browed, and scowling, is by his side; behind, the entire staff follow, and yet behind, the "Chief's" body-guard of Colonials. They ride to the centre of the square, wheel left, then front face toward the great government building. Looming up beside Lord Roberts is his giant, gaudily turbaned Sheik, who watches over the great man like a tender mother over her baby.

The pipers are facing on the opposite side of the square, and begin their liveliest march as the Imperial Cavalry break through the lines and ride slowly past, each officer stiffly looking toward Lord Roberts, and as stiffly saluting him. The general has a little trick of his own in returning salutes, where hours are required in answering these gestures of military respect; he hangs the forefinger of his right hand over the vizor of his gold-worked cap, and there lets it rest as each organization passes.

LIEUTENANT W. RUSSELL WATSON,
New South Wales Mounted Infantry,
Who made the Demand upon General Botha for the Surrender of Pretoria.

The English-speaking audience is again going wild with delight; the Boers, both men and women—and there are many of them out on this occasion, quite contrary to the usual practice in the towns before surrendered—look solemn and unhappy, but deeply interested. As the hour goes by and another follows, and still no cessation of passing men, they murmur, "No wonder! no wonder! they are indeed, as we have been told, like a plague of locusts." A brass-band comes blaring in at the head of an organization; the pipers cease and march away and the band halts in their place and goes merrily on. Behind the great Dutch Reform Church—a sort of behind the scenes—the great wagon trains of each regiment are passing, while the troops move before Lord Roberts. As a piece of stage-managing the performance is magnificent, for all these men are not idly passing by, wearing themselves out with useless marching, but are going through the city eastward after the enemy, and the wagon trains are diverted around or behind so that the effect of solidly passing troops may not be spoiled.

"Look at their funny dresses," a Boer woman cries, and laughs for the first time as the Highlanders move on. "What great guns they have!" several others exclaim, as the naval artillery trundles by on huge solid iron-wheeled carriages—not knowing apparently that their own people have used bigger guns, with wonderful effect, during the whole campaign.

Two hours and twenty minutes the ceaseless tramp of soldiers, and the clicking of steel-shod horses go on, and then the end; and yet, though the audience be awe-stricken with the size of the British army, this has been but a handful of the forces brought by the United Kingdom for the crushing of the Boer oligarchy.

The HEMP INDUSTRY of the PHILIPPINES

THE hemp product of the Philippines in one year exceeds in value the sum the United States paid Spain for the quit claim of the islands. In a fair year, with good prices the value of hemp exportation from the archipelago doubles that sum.

The prospector seeking for investment need not dig below the surface in the Philippines. The culture and harvesting of hemp is the biggest gold-mine he will find. The English capitalist discovered the fact nearly half a century ago. In 1872 over thirty thousand tons were exported. In 1897 five times that amount. Under favorable conditions with American enterprise the exports will double in the next five years. The Philippines should produce from three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand tons. The profits on hemp-growing is 100 per cent., provided labor is obtainable at the former rates.

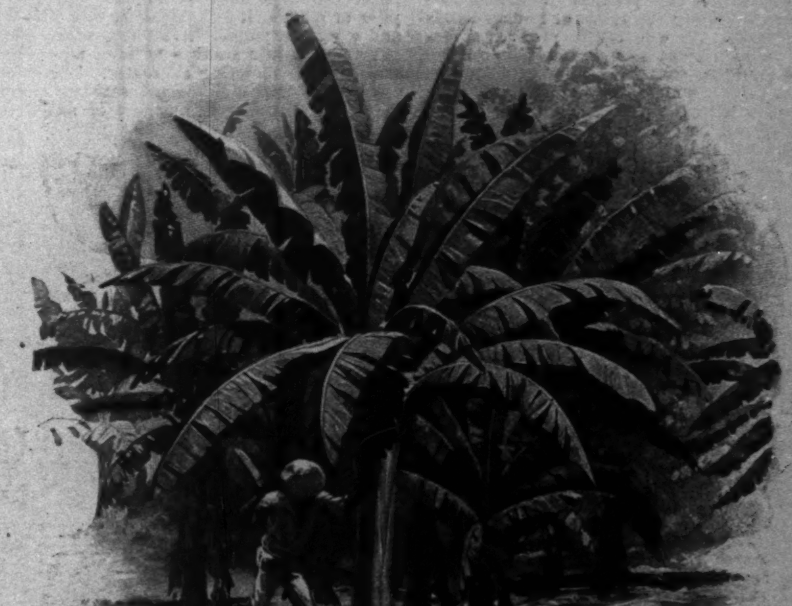
Of course, this roseate picture will not materialize for several years. The war has devasted thousands of acres of the best hemp districts of the islands, and it will take some time to restore the crop to a profitable condition. At present the great "godowns"* in the hemp ports in Manila, in London, Boston, and New York are practically empty, and hemp has gone up to a prohibitive price. A jump from four cents to ten, and even fifteen cents per pound, simply means that the supply is exhausted. No one would buy at such a price. Hemp grows in India, Russia, and Mexico, and other parts of the world, but the Manila brand is the best in the market, and no other will take its place.

Hemp made the Philippine Islands worth something to Spain. England stepped in and gobbled up the trade, and, in the future, the American, if he be wise, will put his money in hemp cultivation and let the alleged gold and coal deposits wait. The islands seem to have been especially made for the benefit of the abaca-plant. The moist though not swampy country to the south of Manila, the Camarines, Samar, Leyte, and Cebu, would produce a solid overgrowth of the abaca-tree if left to take its own course.

The tree itself resembles closely the banana-palm, but differs essentially in the fineness of its fibre and its barrenness of fruit.

The natives, too, seem to have been especially provided for the hemp country. Tending to improvidence and indolency, the hemp industry furnishes them employment whenever they run short of rice and tobacco, for hemp can be harvested almost at any time except during the short rainy season. Attempts have been made to transplant the hemp-trees, taking them only as far away as Borneo, but the *musa textiles* refused to cohabitate with any but Philippine soil. The Pacific slopes of the volcanic regions of the islands produce the best plants. Although the abaca-tree coddles to thin soil, and rather dry, quickly drained localities, the trunk and leaves demand frequent and abundant moisture. Given the proper conditions, the vast plantations will thrive like asparagus-beds. Very little cultivation is required; an occasional weeding and a replanting at the harvest-time and nature does the rest. The crop is not gathered as if it were a corn-field, but the trees are found in all stages of growth, and the native passes through regular routes, slashing a plant here and there, his practised eye the sole judge of its maturity. Three years is the proper age for harvesting. The hemp-stripper goes forth much as a huntsman would. With his bolo in belt and a bamboo canteen full of rice slung over his shoulder, he hies himself to the uplands. After feeling the plants, which at the age of three years are about ten feet high, he proceeds to clip off a shoot and replant it. After a number of trees are cut the stripping process begins. All the leaves are torn off and the outer skin of the stalk is peeled off. Inside of the trunk is a pithy substance, and around this are layers of fibre imbedded in a soft juicy substance. The fibre must be separated from the stalk at once lest it rot. Many Americans have cherished the idea of ex-

* Warehouses.



HARVESTING THE ABACA, OR HEMP-PLANT.

DRYING HEMP ON A MANILA WHARF.

porting the trunk intact, but the enterprise is not feasible because of the perishable nature of the pulpous segrement.

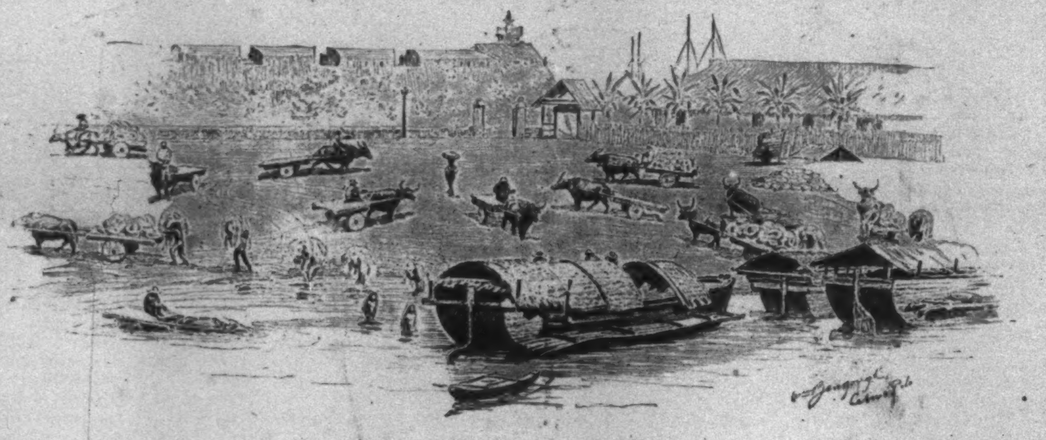
A bamboo-made bench is improvised, and at one end the stripper binds his bolo; the handle attached to his foot by another bamboo strip. Across the blade he draws the stalk until the fibre is thoroughly separated without injury, preserving its length of from eight to ten feet, and leaving it fine and beautiful that the tropical sun may lick up the moisture still bleeding from the operation. The work of stripping is very tiresome and requires the skill of a trained hand.

The white man has often attempted to improve upon the brown man's method of stripping the hemp, but despite large expenditures and ingenious mechanical contrivances no machine has been produced that takes the place of the native. Patents have been taken out, and large sums of money spent upon experimental machines, but the texture and peculiar nature of the abaca-plant seem to require the touch of human hands to separate its parts. As well try to produce a machine to comb the snarls out of a woman's hair as to make a mechanical hemp-stripper.

The native is paid for his work in hemp, dividing the product equally with the plantation-owner. When he cuts and strips all he can carry, he twists up the fibre into a great roll and goes down to the plantation-owner's house, and there the division is made. They then hang up the rolls until the middle-man or contractor comes along and a bargain is struck. The bales are crudely fastened together and carried to the nearest port and shipped usually to Manila, where they are separated, rebaled and shipped either to Hong-kong, where there is an immense rope-walk, or to New York, Boston, or London. The rope-walk at Hong-kong is one of the largest in the world. Its product practically supplies China, Japan, and Australia. Very little hemp is made into rope or twine in Manila. Although crude rope-walks exist in different parts of the island, their manufactured article, although strong and durable, would not compete in the foreign market. Hemp subserves every purpose that leather might with the native. He twists it into sandals, uses it for harnesses, and it answers for binders in the building of his nipa hut. The utility of hemp is well understood to the Filipino. The finer quality is selected and reserved for weaving purposes, being made up into really handsome cloth, while the ordinary hemp is universally used to make a coarse though durable material, worn generally by the natives, who delight in gaudy colors and picturesque though scanty costumes. There is still another texture woven from the selected strands of outer fibre, intermixed with the fibre of the pine-leaf. The cloth has the semblance of unfinished silk, and is pretty and durable, though not as beautiful or dressy as the pure pine-leaf fibre silk known as piña cloth, the best woven product of the islands.

The entire hemp industry of the Philippines is still worked by primitive methods and with simple contrivances. The native, though unambitious himself, is jealous of the Chinaman and is averse to the Celestial getting control of the plantations or contracts, while scorning up-to-date methods himself. The "Cheno," however, has made inroads in this industry, as well as in others in the Philippines. Had he not, the development would not have been as rapid as it has. The native is thoroughly capable and understands the treatment of the plant and its harvesting, and could he be induced to work with regularity would be as good a laborer as the Chinaman, but the Celestial usually controls the baling and local marketing of the hemp.

The presses at the seaport towns are crude affairs.



UNLOADING HEMP AT CEBU.

After the fibre is classified and separated into three piles or classes, it is dumped in bulk into a huge press and a screw applied. After this operation it is taken out and put into another press of more regular design and of more imposing character. The second press is operated by an eight-armed capstan on an overhead platform, and a score or more of naked coolies, usually Chinese, push it around. The sight is most amusing. With grunts, laughs, and confused jargon and raillery they urge each other on and manage to bring their strength together at loudly accentuated periods. A good-sized press will turn out three to four hundred bales a day, and in the course of a year a million or more bales are prepared for shipment. In Cebu large quantities are handled, principally the products of Leyte and Samar, although in Manila the largest presses are in operation.

The classification of hemp requires the skill of an old hand, and the experienced eye of a buyer who knows all the tricks of the trade. The native will bring his hemp down from the plantation in a moist state and offer it for sale at night, hoping thus to fool the middle-man as to weight and quality, but as this part of the business is mostly in the hands of the Chinese, there is little danger that they will be deceived or cheated. The Chinaman is the sharpest bargain-driver in the world, and whether it is hemp, silk, or old junk, he is fully capable of looking after his interests. Fineness of fibre, color, strength, and length determine the value and grade of hemp. If it be carefully stripped over a smooth knife, immediately and thoroughly dried, and of good length, it will bring the highest price. If it be carelessly stripped, juice being left in the fibre, it loses its color and becomes coarse. It then is considered of a second and third grade quality and brings a smaller price. The native watches the market, and if he hear that the demand is heavy he takes advantage of the middle-man and compels him to pay first-grade prices for second and third grade products. Formerly hemp brought in Manila from $70 to $150 per ton, always fluctuating according to the supply, at times going up to $300 per ton, but at present the price is practically prohibitive, and it looks as if it would remain so for the next two years.

A half-dozen large English firms in Manila handle the bulk of the trade. These firms are old and well established, and have associated with them steamship lines running to Hong-kong and Singapore, where they usually tranship to London and New York. There are also a few American firms who handle the hemp direct, in some cases sending out sailing-ships and taking on cargo at Manila or Cebu.

Hemp-culture offers a large field for American capital. The field is practically unlimited. Vast tracts of land suitable to hemp-raising could be secured at a nominal price. The plant practically grows wild, and with a little encouragement and attention enormous results could be obtained.

There is little probability of over-supplying the market and practically no danger of competition. The English, French, and Dutch have made repeated attempts at transplanting the Philippine plant to Borneo, Tonquin, India, and Australia, but the experiments have been largely unsuccessful in every instance. While the plant has taken root and apparently thrived, for a time, the fibre lacked the fineness and strength of the Philippine product. The peculiar condition of the climate and the volcanic soil seem to be essential to hemp-growing, and as the combination exists to perfection in the southern Philippines, there is no reason why the vast waste-lands of the Camarines, Samar, and Leyte should not, in time, become the new commercial Klondike for American prospectors and ambitious colonizers.

EDWIN WILDMAN.

BALING HEMP.

NEW YORK—*The* GREATEST SUMMER RESORT

By EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

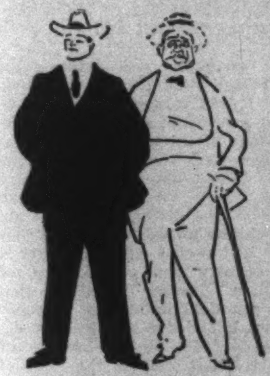
THE Wise Man said: "There are a dozen places of amusement in New York this August evening in any of which I would confidently undertake to point out among the audience visitors from nearly every State in the Union. If I may select the place of amusement I will agree to find you there a visitor from every State and Territory, not neglecting Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico."

One would not ask so wise a man—he was a veteran hotel clerk—what place of amusement he had last in mind? It would satisfy merely idle curiosity, or supply just that little wisdom which is dangerous.

New York as the most popular summer resort was the topic discussed, and expressed in statistics the subject becomes impressive. Otherwise it is purely entertaining.

The figures relate to the number of people who come to New York city during the summer months wholly or in part on recreation bent. From Alaska to Florida, from Honolulu to Bangor, the holiday hosts move on to Manhattan Island in such number as to dwarf into silly insignificance the bantling bands whose descent upon other summer resorts are broadsided in a press which, in its far seeking for news of that nature, overlooks the greater quantity at lesser distance. To be done briefly and at once with anything relating to figures, it can be stated that Manhattan entertains more holiday visitors in the summer months than do all the other Atlantic coast resorts combined. These are spoken of as holiday visitors, but among them are many thousands who come to New York at this time not only to enjoy its many and sprightly hot-weather entertainments and natural attractions, but also to purchase fall and winter stocks of goods. Their coming in such great numbers, and accompanied usually by family parties, is a result of a comparatively recent action of the New York Merchants' Association. The composition of that body is sufficiently indicated by its title, but its work in the matter of making New York a popular summer resort is not at all suggested by its serious title.

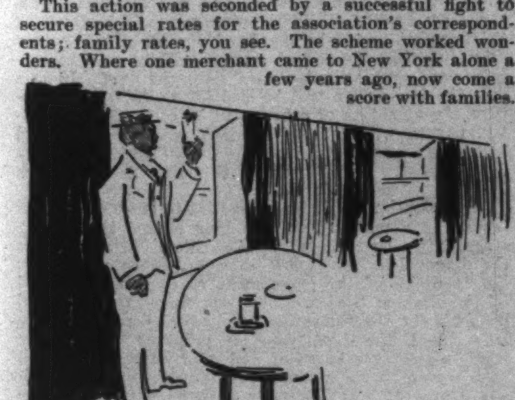
There is something unexpectedly Parisian in that story. A few years ago some genius holding membership in the association, said, in effect, at a meeting called to devise means for inducing wholesale buyers to visit the metropolis and not stop short at San Francisco, Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, or wherever, that the wise thing to do was to impress upon the merchants' wives and daughters the many attractions New York had to offer which the dealer over the way lacked. He reminded his hearers that when any of them had occasion to go to Paris his wife and daughters begged to go too. Why?



They started at the Battery.

The hint was sufficient. During the past few years the association has sent out tons of alluringly illustrated literature designed to appeal to the imagination of its correspondents' wives and daughters. Possibly it was concluded that the attractions of New York especially alluring to masculine understanding were not unknown, and needed no brush.

This action was seconded by a successful fight to secure special rates for the association's correspondents; family rates, you see. The scheme worked wonders. Where one merchant came to New York alone a few years ago, now come a score with families.



In the Club, there are tall, cool, fizzy Things.

Of course the permanent success of such a scheme depended upon the show being as good as its posters. The single failure of his career since he became a star came to Joseph Jefferson through being "over-billed," as he explains in his delightful autobiography. He has now achieved a rank in his profession where "over-billing" would be almost an impossibility—and that is the good fortune of New York as a summer resort.

The association billed light at first, but those who came found much more to attract than the bills set forth, and this curious thing has happened: strangers are teaching New York what a delightful summer resort its natives have been running away from all these years!

To be sure, there has not as yet been any noticeable decrease in the number of houses whose boarded front doors and windows sternly announce a family's departure for sea-side or mountain. However, there has been a noticeable increase in the numbers of heads and cadets of those families who live in city hotels or clubs while their houses are boarded up.

Broadway is not deserted.

There are New York men who have been taught by the stranger from afar that Central, Bronx, and Riverside parks are unmatched for an early morning or late afternoon drive—certainly unmatched in any sea-side or mountain resort; that the quiet shades of a familiar club offer comforts and luxuries no out-of-town casino can equal; that the old Battery, of a moonlight evening, if you are seeking merry crowds, music, and a water view, compasses the longest, broadest, and most famous "board walk" on the coast.

It was on the Battery the artist and writer began an evening tour of the places of amusement whereat the Wise Man first quoted believed he could call a convention of the States and Territories. There one is first impressed by the fact that the Battery crowd on band night is now recruited from every section of Manhattan, whereas a few years ago only people from the lower East Side, and the West Side in the neighborhood of Greenwich, could be seen strolling there on warm nights. This change was brought about by the fast electric surface transit. Indeed, a ride from Harlem to the Battery in an open car running swiftly through the otherwise deserted downtown streets is in itself a delight—really a charming excursion—in spite of its cheapness! By this means thousands of uptown residents and midtown visitors reach the park and the broad stone quay of the Battery every warm night, and both classes seem equally surprised at the beauty of the view. Even at night, and especially in summer, there is enough movement of shipping to give a charming and varied aspect to the water off the Battery where the two rivers meet and form the Upper Bay. One rejoices that navigation laws command exhibition of green and red lights, and that excursion-boats vie with theatres in the use of electric lights, for this illumination on the water, where it is made by swiftly moving white palaces, has something in its spectacular beauty that makes material our most fancifully painted dreams of fairyland.

It was only little more than a half-hour's trip by a surface car from the Battery to that region of Broadway where the summer visitors' demand for stage amusement has resulted in elevating the stage of nearly a dozen theatres from the basement to the roof. If one may venture a comparison, it expresses vividly the extent of the summer amusement demand in New York to relate that in the months when we still speak of the theatres as "all closed" there are open—some wide open—roof theatres which accommodate more auditors than all the theatres of any other American city in the height of the dramatic season.

A New-Yorker need not confess to being an "old theatre-goer" to recall when there was but one—or even no—roof theatre. Nor to recall that in those days in summer the streets of the theatre district, like those of the fashionable residence districts, were mournful alleys, sombre, deserted.

"Every one is out of town," was the conventional phrase of explanation, and upper Broadway offered evidence that the phrase was but a slight exaggeration. Now that district is livelier and seemingly more populated by night in midsummer than in midwinter. Not only the roof gardens, but the hotels and restaurants rejoice in a patronage as peculiarly summer-resorty as that of the Casino at Narragansett Pier. It appears to be equally divided between natives and visitors, but if one observes closely the discovery comes that the native is there with the spirit of a visitor; he is just making the acquaintance of his city in midsummer, and seems to be charmed by the novel experience.

The modern roof theatre is a long cry from those pioneers from which we were driven, wet and discomfited, by every passing shower, or gust of wind that made smoky, orange streaks of the gas-jets. Now

Now, when the Merchant comes, he brings his Family.

the audience is roofed in by glass, the light comes from countless wind-defying electric lamps, and a lively rain-storm rather adds to the audience's sense of comfort, sitting there comfortable and dry—that is, dry except within.

That same audience is in summer-resort mood, which they take from, or possibly impart to, the player-folk. The unconventional sets the only conventions observed on either side of the foot-lights, and one notices this among the New-Yorkers present as much as in the visitors. Men who are familiar figures in the "glittering horseshoe" of the opera-boxes in winter enjoy such pardonable relaxation in this summer-resort entertainment as is afforded by the luxury of a cigar, a tall cool drink, and an occasional, gracious nod or wink to a winsome young thing singing Professor Sloane's latest coon song, enveloped in a glare of many-hued electric lights—and little else to speak of.

Music and the Young Thing.

Does one charge that dignified commercial body, the Merchants' Association, with suggesting to merchants of Texas and North Dakota the advantages of New York over Chicago as a buying-point because of such things? Not at all. The literature of that association in calmest prose speaks of architectural beauties, parks, art galleries, historical monuments, opportunities of being swept by ocean breezes while enjoying cheap water excursions. The young thing arrayed in electric lights figures not in those sober compositions. But she is here, all the same, if one may be allowed the expression, and if one who comes from Nebraska to buy calico, and revel in historical monuments, chances to stray upon a roof and finds her, why, the object of the Merchants' Association is not defeated. No, it really is not defeated. The idea is to make New York to America what Paris is to Europe, and in her humble way the young thing helps out.

After all, people visiting Paris have been known to extend their sight-seeing beyond the elevating influences of the Louvre and the Luxembourg galleries. So, in its process of becoming America's greatest summer resort it appears that the young thing in the electric lights and her coon song have played a part justified by what travellers relate of our acknowledged model—Paris.

It would be stupid to suggest that New York's entertainments called forth by its new rôle as summer resort have developed entirely along the line of coon songs and young things. There are about half a dozen places where first-class music forms the only or principal entertainment, and at least two where strictly high-class music only is offered, and one where entire programmes are devoted to Wagner.

The patronage of these places is enormous, and

There are other Attractions than Shops and Picture-Galleries.

largely made up of visitors, although the local German population shows its appreciation of an opportunity to again enjoy really good music and beer at the same time.

The new summer population of the metropolis has not materially added to the prosperity of Coney Island. That lively section of Greater New York remains chiefly attractive to the inhabitants of Manhattan and Brooklyn, though, to be sure, some of the more venturesome or curious visitors from afar hazard the perils of the trip that they may know at first hand what the wild waves and other wild things are saying in that most sung-of resort. The more orderly end of the beach, Manhattan Hotel way, with its really gorgeous night entertainments, has gained much patronage from New York's summer visitors, who have learned that the beach is within the city limits, and therefore may be visited of an evening, and the return trip made without too much cost of time and trouble.

On the Roof.

But it is the "little old island of Manhattan" that remains the compelling magnet for the many. They found much all prepared for their entertainment, and have brought into existence much in addition. For that New York is thankful. As a large number of one class of New-Yorkers began reversing the division of their time between town and country homes, "living" in the latter and "visiting" the former, and by their lengthened absence from town making certain phases of city life dull and unprofitable, the stranger has come and more than supplied the place of the absentee. He comes with the joyous ringing of the gold of plenty, the rustling of the bank-note that requires no other note of introduction, and where he found a summer desert he has made a garden to bloom; and where was a silence he has filled the air with the sound of music—from rag-time even unto Wagner. He rediscovered New York, this stranger from the Wabash, the Kankakee, the San Joaquin, and the Colorado. He has taught its four millions of astonished inhabitants that they had a good thing as a summer resort, and the four millions rejoice.

And while they rejoice over what is already accomplished by those who have made a great summer resort of New York, some may speculate a little on what other changes may be evolved from the new condition of the city during the hot months. It is interesting to consider. Westerners, who are deserving of the credit for having discovered New York's hot-weather charms, are less trammelled by traditions than are the natives, and it is to them we must look for the more radical changes it is reasonable to expect. Have they not already given us a hint? Indeed, yes. The "shirt-waist man," first seen in Manhattan, came out of the joyous and independent West. Taking off his coat and waistcoat when he found it added to his comfort to do so, was a declaration in acts that he knew a tropical climate when he felt one—a knowledge to which the New York mind has remained unopened some three hundred years.

That simple sane act startled New York; it has given rise to a discussion marked by deserving gravity and wisdom, in which some of the most profound editorial pens of New York have worked overtime.

The great meaning of this must be clear to all: those who have made New York a summer resort are to teach us that when and where the climate is sultry it is the duty of reasonable men to dress accordingly.

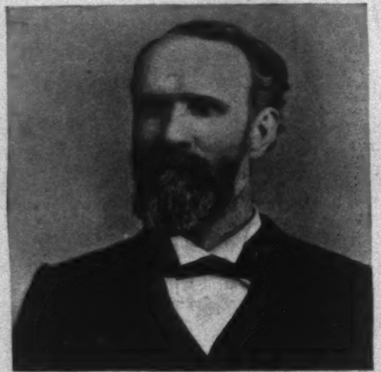
The New Man.

The fact being so stated, one blinks in wonder that New York has ever insisted on its conventional dress, suffering torture from June to September because the old geographies declared the latitude to be in the "temperate zone!"

Then, when we have all donned light and breezy ducks and white flannels, the Westerner will, no doubt, teach us to dine in them out-of-doors. There again the start has been made under the impulse of the rational beings who come here to enjoy their summer vacation. Some of those bold spirits asked the manager of a big Fifth Avenue restaurant to put dining-tables outside the close, hot, stuffy dining-room. The manager did so, doubtful of results. In a week he could not accommodate those who applied for outside tables! Visitors were the first to apply, but the astonished native, finding that passers-by did not take an unpleasant interest in the outside diners—which seems to have been the dread—took to the innovation with eagerness, and wondered why it had not been made before.

This merely suggests what may yet come to Manhattan Island through the demands of its hosts of summer visitors.

A GOOD ROADS ERA



By JAMES WILSON SECRETARY of AGRICULTURE

THE question of the improvement of the American roads has been for a long time agitating the minds of the people who take a pride in the welfare of the country. Tourists have been forced to make comparisons unfavorable to the home highways when they have gone abroad and seen the beautifully level and well-kept roads of Great Britain and many of the Continental countries. It will be good news to the whole nation to learn that road improvement is to be made a special study, and wide inquiry to be set on foot among the several States as to the best ways and means of placing the highways of the country upon a superior basis.

The Department of Agriculture has a little road office by which a few thousand dollars a year are spent along the lines of both educational and practical work. Innumerable projects have been advanced, considered, and abandoned as being inadequate to meet the difficulty of improving our highways. One of these projects led to the sending out by the Department of Agriculture, within the last year, of experts to meet and co-operate with different bodies in various States for the purpose of carrying on practical experimentation with steel tracks that would enable the farmers to get their produce to market without running the risk of the heavily laden wagons sticking fast in the ruts of soft roads, made softer by continuous rains.

These experiments have caused such a demand to be made for further and more extensive experimentation to decide the best plan for road improvement that I have decided to organize an office on broader lines and prepare it for doing more thorough work.

To this end it is proposed to divide the United States into districts, secure an educated agent in each of those districts to study conditions, confer with scientists and practical road-makers, address students and educational institutions, and make reports of work done and proposed to be done that will form the basis of road literature.

To begin with, it is proposed to locate the agents in the Eastern States and the Southern States, one in the prairie States, and one in the mountain States of the far West. The value of this plan is that as the conditions in the several localities are peculiar unto themselves, by a system of intercommunication between the various agents we shall gather the best information as to the needs of the whole country and the best methods of inaugurating a scheme of national road improvement.

It is proposed that these agents shall send specimens of road material to the chemical division of the Department of Agriculture for analysis; that study shall be made along the lines of affinity and possibility of coalescing the several materials to be obtained at each of the several localities and the advantages accruing from the interchange of material between the different districts. It is intended that each agent shall reside within his own district and concentrate his entire time and thought on the study of the conditions found within that district.

These agents must of necessity be good engineers; they should know something about geology, for it will be necessary to poke around in all the corners of the surrounding country in search of material suitable to the road-making needs of that section; a knowledge of drainage will be advantageous in making reports of the general conditions and the difficulties to be encountered in road improvement, and the practical acquaintance with the art of grading that those familiar with road-making acquire will greatly help in a comprehensive survey of the situation.

The first thing an agent will be expected to do when he arrives at his district will be to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the material at his command. There are many localities in the United States where stone cannot be found within a hundred miles or more. Other localities are so stony as to make the farmers who try to make the soil fertile almost despair of overcoming the obstacles that nature has placed in their way. It can easily be seen how the reports that come in from agents in districts where the ground is of these two separate natures can be made valuable. The material for road-making that is absent from one district will be found in abundance in another, and the office at the Department of Agriculture will thus be placed in possession of intelligence that will make the laying out of a great plan of campaign for road improvement a comparatively easy matter.

The stony section can be drawn upon to supply the wants of the district that is all sand and soil, and from the sandy quarter can be obtained in exchange for the stone the material that is lacking in the stony country. The wants of the people in one place will not be the wants of those in another. These needs will be studied by the agents and reports made in due order. Each man will work earnestly and methodically for the good of the whole, and the road department will keep a guiding hand over all, accepting and using suggestions from any one who has anything to offer on the subject and inviting co-operation from the entire country in the important work of bringing our highways up to the level of those of other nations.

Authority will be given to the agents to conduct experiments with any material or along any lines that are suggested by those residing in and familiar with the districts in which they are located, and these experiments will be reported on and the reports added to the valuable literature that the department will gather in the course of the movement. Where the traffic of the locality is of sufficient extent to necessitate it steel experiments will be carried on upon a more extensive scale than any heretofore conducted, and a careful record of the cost of the road made in this way, with the approximate saving to the wagon-wheels and the benefit to the district, and forwarded to the department.

It is anticipated that questions will arise where steel tracks are laid and hard rock for the filling up of the space between the tracks cannot readily be obtained, as to the cheapest method of supplying the deficiency. It will be the duty of the agent to make experiments along these lines with the material at his hands, and if he finds he cannot obtain the necessary material in his vicinity it will be left to him to make trips farther out and search the district to see if nature has not in some hitherto undiscovered spot left a bountiful provision for just such a need and kept it hidden, awaiting the ingenuity and perseverance of man to dig out and utilize. Having found the material that he, with his practical knowledge of road-making and the additional knowledge acquired by experimentation, finds is needed for the betterment of the highways in that district, it will be the duty of the agent to apply to the transportation companies for rates, so that when he makes his report regarding the needs of the district he will at the same time have the figures of the cost complete and accurate.

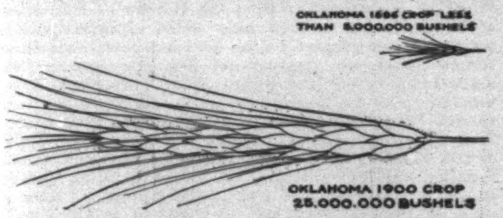
When the reports of the various agents are printed there will naturally be sufficient rivalry among them to call up the best efforts of the men to excel in the report that will follow, and advantage will be taken of the suggestions in the report of one agent by another agent, so that the second reports will be sure to contain even more valuable data than the first. In this way the foundation will be laid for useful road literature, the attention of others will be drawn to the matter, papers will be read by men who are interested and have a practical knowledge of the subject, and the whole country will be stirred to action and helped in the work of improvement.

The intention of the movement is to ensure practical results in a matter that has long passed the talking stage. The Department of Agriculture will place at the disposal of the agents in co-operation with them the facilities of the experiment stations to be found in the various States, and every encouragement will be given for the formation of classes by road experts. In a word, the department is prepared to give the whole matter the broadest and most careful attention with a view to the extension to the people of the various States of every possible assistance to better the condition of the highways and lessen the troubles of those who use the public roads extensively.

WHEAT by J. D. Whelpley

THE surplus wheat of the crop of 1900 in the United States is now in the hands of the farmers of southern Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma. The effect of this upon the wheat prices of the world is peculiar and remarkable, for these holders of bread-stuffs are in such excellent financial condition they are able to speculate in the needs of the bread-eaters of all countries. The situation in the wheat-market at this time is therefore unique and uncertain, although everything indicates a comparatively high level of prices, at least until another crop enters into the situation.

The July estimate places the wheat crop of the

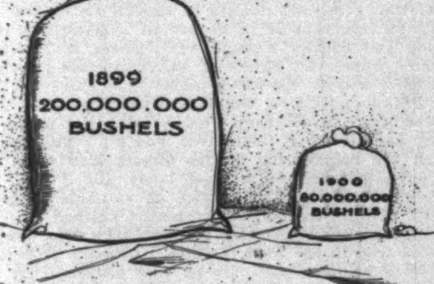


United States for 1900 at about 480,000,000 bushels. The home requirements for bread and seed are about 400,000,000 bushels, thus leaving 80,000,000 available for export. During the past twelve months the United States has exported 180,000,000 bushels to supply foreign deficiencies of the crop of 1899. This year there is an additional shortage in the French crop of from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 bushels. In estimating the visible supply it must be taken into account also that the farmers still have on hand 51,000,000 bushels of old wheat, and that the reserves in second hands were in July 85,000,000 bushels. If all the wheat of 1900 and the old wheat in first and second hands were put upon the market there would be plenty to supply the needs of the world and keep prices at a comparatively low level.

This, however, is an impossible condition, for not only the reserves but a large part of the new crop will only be made available by high prices. In estimating the prices of wheat which will prevail during the next few months the element of uncertainty is the elevation of price necessary to bring the new and the old reserves into the market to exert a steadying or even bearish tendency.

The three Northwestern States—Minnesota and the two Dakotas—have experienced the greatest crop failure in their history. In those States alone there were 12,000,000 acres of ground planted in wheat this year, which, on June 1, gave promise of yielding 165,000,000 bushels. A June drought, which continued throughout the month, cut down this possible yield fully one-half. These three States raised 200,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1899. The crop of 1900 will not exceed 80,000,000 bushels. Manitoba was affected by similar conditions and lost a large proportion of the crop.

Conditions in the Northwest this year have been entirely without precedent. It is usual for heavy snows to fall during the winter, soaking the soil with mois-



ture to a depth of several feet when they melt in the spring. This reserve supply of moisture has been known to keep the spring wheat growing without the aid of rain throughout the months of May and June. Last winter there was practically no snow, and in the spring the ground was dry. In consequence the wheat roots, when they began to grow, instead of striking deep into the ground, kept near the surface in the endeavor to benefit by light and ineffectual showers. When the hot weather came and drought prevailed the grain was quickly destroyed over an area of several million acres. Some sections were fortunate in having a number of fairly heavy showers, and it is only in such places that there is any wheat this year in these three States which ordinarily raise from a fourth to a third of the country's entire crop.

In the Northwest there are thousands of acres of spring wheat to hundreds of winter wheat, hence an immense surplus is produced in ordinary years. Minneapolis and Duluth have received, during the past twelve months, 145,000,000 bushels of wheat, or nearly twice as much as was received altogether at the six other primary market centres of the country. This is an explanation of the far-reaching effect of a crop shortage in country tributary to these exporting points.

The Northwest is not the only sufferer this year. Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan have produced about 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, as compared with 80,000,000 bushels in 1899. Ohio has had the worst experience of all, for that State has suffered from the greatest crop failure ever experienced by any State. Instead of having 20,000,000 bushels for export, as is usual, Ohio will be compelled to import 10,000,000 bushels to supply her own people with bread.

In sharp contrast with this sombre picture is the story told by the farmers of southern Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma. Kansas has raised this year 100,000,000 bushels of wheat, and Oklahoma 25,000,000 bushels. The Kansas crop is the largest ever raised by any State. The territory which holds Kansas City, Missouri, as its market has produced this year about 120,000,000 bushels of wheat in excess of home needs, and this in itself constitutes the command of all the surplus wheat produced in the United States.

The Kansas farmer is now a speculator and at first hand. This is not the first, second, or third good crop he has had in succession, but the fourth. The first was hailed as salvation for the State. Hard times had prevailed for so long that notes and mortgages were part of every land-holder's liabilities. Money was high and difficult to get. All human energy was absorbed in the effort to secure the necessaries of life, to such an extent that what had been necessaries of ordinary times became luxuries. In 1897 came the first good crop since 1892, and the people drew a long breath of relief. The strain had been terrible.

Conservatively as possible, restrained by experiences of the past, over-due interest was paid, mortgages were cancelled, machinery was bought, and the wonderful recuperative power of the Western prairies was demonstrated once more. In 1898 came another good crop, the proceeds from which were used to complete the good work begun the year before. In 1899 came another good crop, not so large, and sold at lower prices than those preceding, but large enough and profitable enough to maintain the feeling of strength, confidence, and financial stability which had set in three years before. The Kansas banks began to complain of a plethora of money. The bankers held a meeting to discuss the question of what to do with their deposits, 40 per cent. of which they had on hand. Many of these banks were forced to buy standard securities bearing low rates of interest, as they could lend no money to their customers. The farmers held their grain for better prices. Some of them still have a portion of their crop of 1899 on hand. This crop was not so very large, but the farmers were in such excellent financial condition when it was sold that the Kansas banks have increased their deposits over 25 per cent. during the past twelve months.

The advance made in Oklahoma is even more marked owing to the even greater contrast with previous conditions. Four years ago the farmers of that Territory were largely occupying government claims then unpaid for. Their credit was at a low ebb. The total wheat crop was then less than 5,000,000 bushels. The good crops of the following years enabled the settlers to pay for their land, establish credit, improve their homes, and otherwise reorganize themselves into a civilized farming community based upon systematized wealth and intelligence. This year, with a crop of 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, Oklahoma takes rank with many old-established States, and brings into sharp relief the incongruity of her Territorial form of government.

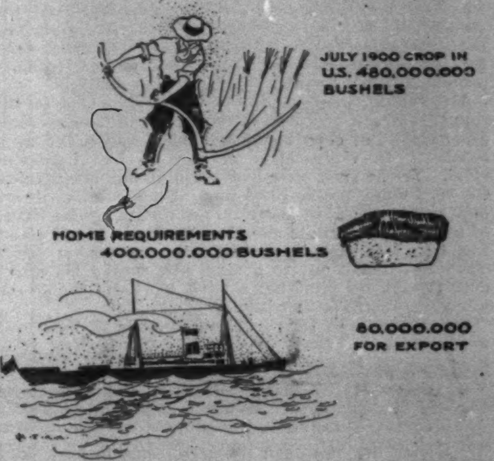
The prosperity which has come to the farmers of southern Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma during the past four years has not fallen upon unreceptive ground. The men who own these wheat-fields, who have also made money out of their live-stock and their corn, and who now hold in their possession the export wheat of the United States, are alive to all the influences abroad in the world. They are naturally keen and quick of thought. They read the daily newspapers and discuss among themselves as experts the market conditions with which they are confronted. They know where wheat has been raised, and where it has failed, and have estimated the consuming power of all the peoples.

These farmers realize, as well as do the experts on 'change, that the top notch to be reached by wheat this year depends upon the strength of those who are now withholding the reserves.

At any reasonable figure the present wheat crop will bring $60,000,000 in cash into the State of Kansas, and $15,000,000 into Oklahoma. What this means to a single State is best shown by a few figures. From her wheat crop alone the wealth of Kansas will be increased this year $40 per capita. The amount received would pay for all her public schools ten times over. The railroads of the State share largely directly and indirectly in this prosperity. It will take 200,000 box-cars to move the crop. These cars would make 13,000 ordinary trains, or one single train which would reach from Topeka, Kansas, to Buffalo, New York. The harvest has lasted five weeks. It has required the use of 5000 machines and the labor of 25,000 men. For labor alone the farmers have paid out nearly a million and a half dollars. There were 4,796,129 acres of the State in wheat alone.

Early in the summer, when it was apparent the crop was to be so large, the labor problem became a matter for serious consideration. The railroads made half-fare rates for harvest hands, and were not particular as to men "beating" their way into the State on freight-trains. The result of these efforts was soon felt, and while high wages were paid, from $2 to $3 per day, there was no grain really lost for lack of help to harvest it. The scene in the wheat section of the State was most remarkable. From one elevation in Barton County twenty miles of wheat stretched away into the horizon. There were roads through it, but these were lost in the waving grain. Breezes trailed across this golden sea in serpentine paths of changing color. The straw was higher than the wheels of a wagon. Many of the wheat-heads were over six inches in length and carried from sixty to seventy perfect grains. Within the memory of the farmers who reaped this harvest this section of Kansas had appeared as an arid and unproductive waste which gave no promise for the future.

One feature of farming in Kansas is not fully realized by those who know only by hearsay of the effects of a prosperous year upon the people of that State.

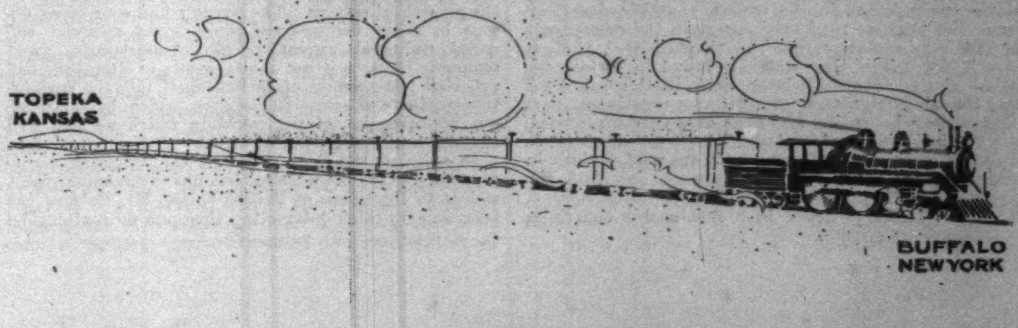


In the mercantile business a prosperous year means a fair profit upon capital invested. In Kansas a big wheat crop means that the farmer has returned to him in cash in that one season more money than his whole farm and its entire plant would bring in the market. That is why a big crop results throughout the State in a surplus of money for everybody.

The shortage in the big spring-wheat States this year will constitute a greater factor in making high prices than would a corresponding shortage distributed evenly throughout the country, because almost all the wheat in the Northwest moves towards two central points and is thus concentrated. A larger proportion of the yield thus comes into sight than in any other part of the country, and small receipts at Duluth and Minneapolis have more influence upon speculative sentiment than light supplies at other points of concentration.

There is not an important shortage in the world's supply of wheat this year. France has a deficiency of 80,000,000 bushels. India will have no wheat to ship to Europe this year, although last year there was an export surplus of 23,000,000 bushels. The crop of the United States is between 80,000,000 and 100,000,000 bushels short of last year. These deficiencies can be readily made up from the reserves of old wheat the world has carried over from the crops of 1899 and 1898, which were the largest on record. This could probably be accomplished without much of an advance in prices were it not for the circumstance that the greatest deficiency is in just that part of the world where the shortage in supply has the most effect in advancing prices.

Chicago prices for wheat rose twenty-one cents in two weeks in June when it was made certain that the spring-wheat crop was seriously cut down. The foreign markets failed to follow the advance, and consequently there was a set-back. The American speculator, however, is now thoroughly convinced that the price of wheat is to be high this year, and the Kansas farmer is equally optimistic.



THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

EX-SENATOR INGALLS of Kansas, who died on August 16, once said, while he was still in the Senate, in a newspaper interview: "The purification of politics is an iridescent dream. Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. Parties are the army. The decalogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign. The commander who lost the battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history."

Shortly after this deliverance Mr. Ingalls lost a battle in politics, and with it his seat in the Senate, which he never recovered. Inasmuch as he was a very clever man and a Senator of distinction, it seems reasonable to infer that somewhere his conception of politics and its needs was at fault. Perhaps he lost his battle because his moral nature was not active enough. He was beaten for the Senate in 1890. To hold votes in Kansas during the last decade has been a task fit to exercise a moral nature not merely active, but in a high degree acrobatic. Mr. Ingalls's qualifications were not equal to it. He made a fight in 1894 and again in 1896, but both times unsuccessfully. Perhaps Senator Hoar might have held Kansas during the last ten years, for he has moral earnestness, and aspires and professes to be right, whatever stand he takes. Ingalls couldn't, and like enough it was the professed inactivity of his moral nature that beat him. In this country the man who professes to believe that the decalogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign, and that the object of politics is success, is pretty sure, first or last, to come to grief at the polls. He must profess better than that, whatever his conduct is.

Mr. Ingalls was one of the best-known men in the country, and in many ways attractive. He had extraordinary gifts of expression, both as a writer and as a speaker. In vituperative oratory he had hardly a rival. Yet he must have had warm human sympathies, for very many people liked him. He was bitter in his talk, and sceptical of many things, including the virtue of some worthy public men, but there was a grit about him that was engaging, albeit it was somewhat acrid. One's heart goes out to a man who speaks his mind, even though the mind has a twist in it and the speech often accords ill with wisdom.

Mr. Ingalls was born in Massachusetts in 1833, was graduated at Williams in 1855, and was Senator from Kansas from 1873 to 1890.

THE visit of the Cuban teachers seems to have been admirably successful. President Eliot, in speaking of the six weeks' stay of the teachers in Cambridge, has said that its success succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. "There was no accident, no serious sickness, no death: but much study, much enjoyment, and a general enlargement of experience. None of the difficulties prophesied arose, and much unanticipated good was done. One of the surprising features of the teachers' visit in Cambridge was the remarkable gain of the whole company in bodily health and strength."

What the teachers thought of their summer-school experience appears in part in their gift of a notable loving-cup as a "testimonial of gratitude to the illustrious University of Harvard and its President, Charles W. Eliot."

They have been to Washington and seen its sights. Last week we saw them here in New York, and read of their holiday trip to West Point, and of the enthusiastic entertainment that was given them. Ever since they landed they have shown themselves to be kindly, appreciative, and enthusiastic, and of course they have been everywhere popular. Good-will has attended them everywhere, and they have dispensed it as freely as it has been bestowed. Their visit has been a great exploit, and its complete success must delight every one who conspired to bring it about or has labored over its management. If Judge Taft, our present Governor in the Philippines, and a noted son of Yale, shall presently find in the success of this undertaking a warrant for a like experiment with Filipino teachers, the progress of such a visit would be watched with interest equally cordial.

MR. THOMAS NELSON PAGE seems to have acquired the impression that fashionable society in this town of New York is not exemplary in its domestic life. He was one of several distinguished gentlemen who, on August 17, at Concord, New Hampshire, made addresses at a meeting on the last day of New Hampshire's Old Home Week. Mr. Page said, in substance, as reported in the papers, that the American home life that we read most about in the newspapers is not representative, and he thanked God that it wasn't, for "it is that which is found in certain peculiar circles of certain large cities in this country," and though foreigners think of it as a constituent part of American home life, Mr. Page says they are misled, for there is no American home life about it. That is as much as to say that our swells are un-American in their way of living, and that seems to be what Mr. Page was driving at, for he went on to protest against a sermon lately preached in a fashionable church in Newport by a Mr. Hamilton, who told his select hearers that they had need to take especial care about their behavior, because the eyes of fifty millions of people were on them, and that all these observers were emulative of their doings, and disposed to pattern by their examples. Mr. Page declared that that was nonsense, and that there were not fifty thousand persons in the country, much less fifty millions, who envied or emulated the Newport swells, and did not rather "reprobate and deride their arrogance." He talked unkindly, too, about some of them as "divorced and doubly divorced persons, and their sycophants, and parasites," and was, indeed, so candid that he can hardly expect to be much entertained in Newport before next season at the soonest. He seems a reckless man, for some of the most notable cooks in the Western Hemisphere practise their admirable art in Newport during the summer.

The trouble with pounding the swells, even the Newport swells, with such a comprehensive club as Mr. Page has used, is that they are so much like the rest of us in being various folks, and widely different in their walk and conversation. If Mr. Page will not concede that they are given to us for our edification, may not even he accept them thankfully as a source of amusement? They seem to be good and bad, wise and foolish, including men fit to rule States and men fit to tend bar, and women who would adorn thrones, and others who would disgrace wash-tubs. Unlike most other folks they are conspicuous, but for that they are not all to blame, for many of them, including most of those who have experienced domestic infelicities, would gladly keep out of the newspapers if they could. And so many of them, beneath their shells, are gentle, pleasant, human people, and like us in so many advantageous particulars! Don't scowl at them, good Mr. Page: grin; it is kinder, easier, and quite as much of a relief.

IT seems to be the intention of M. Menier, the chocolate king, who bought the island of Anticosti, to make the island as nearly French as he can. It belongs to the Dominion of Canada, and he cannot annex it to France, but the Fox Bay settlers whom he drove out, as told in a late WEEKLY, seem to have been objectionable because they were of British descent. It seems that he has made terms with most of the French Canadians on his island, and allows them to stay there. It is reported that he has spent $2,000,000 in roads, buildings, and other improvements on his island, and no doubt he will make it a very interesting property, and an excellent retreat for a person cloyed with the sweets of civilization. There is first-rate lobster-fishing there; the best, it is said, in the Dominion. There is only one thing, besides the fogs and the climate, to hinder the chocolate man from making a paradise of Anticosti, and that is that a despot cannot make a paradise. The gist of paradises is in not having any owner or any boss on the premises or in effectual communication with them. Even the benevolent despot, whose rule, we are often assured, would be the best rule possible, could not make a paradise except by keeping his hands off most of the time and allowing his subjects to get hurt when they fall down.

MR. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, golfer, author, nephew of Lord Salisbury, and First Lord of the Treasury in the British Ministry, has been discussing some recent centuries before the students in a university-extension course in Cambridge, England. He seems to have considered them from the point of view of an Englishman recalling English history. He said he liked the eighteenth century and disliked the seventeenth. He did not attempt to justify his preferences, but explained that the religious wars which were half political, and political wars which were half religious, helped to explain his distaste for the seventeenth century, which lacked, he thought, "a kind of utility and finish" which the next century possessed.

The nineteenth century was still too near to be considered as a whole, but he examined it in thirds, liking the first third with its great wars, and sniffing at the second, of which, he said, no intellectual dynasty had won his allegiance. He preferred Scott and Miss Austen to Thackeray and Dickens; Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley to Tennyson and Browning; while none of the mid-century thinkers—Mill with his thin lucidity, Carlyle with his turbid prophesyings, Comte, or Newman—had made him a disciple. He believed that the characteristic note which would distinguish the nineteenth century was to be found in the growth of science. The century had seen great doings in many fields—great wars, great national and social upheavals, great religious movements, great economic changes, great achievements in literature and art—but what would mark it deepest was the cumulative products of scientific resource, which, by enlarging our apprehension of the world in which we live, had changed our whole point of view.

In spite of the Boer war, and the agitating occurrence in China, and all else that has given employment of late to the minds of British rulers, Mr. Balfour has been able to think interesting thoughts on matters detached from the problems of government. The consideration of the centuries and formation of views about their relative merits seem a very good exercise for students of history. How many of us know history well enough to have distinct preferences for one century over another, and to know the wherefore of our likings?

THE Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston has found a way to measure hospitality. Working in connection with the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, it has entered some fields of investigation which the government census does not cover, and in a recent search for statistics of domestic service has made a schedule of the living expenses of seventy Boston families. The number of persons in these families ranged from two to seventeen, and their expenditures from $558 for a family of three to $5412 for a family of ten. The schedule shows, in detail, what the various families paid for rent, subsistence, servants, and taxes during a period of nine months. Hospitality found a place in the lists of figures in the form of meals furnished to guests. Eight families in nine months furnished less than 100 such meals, seventeen families furnished between 100 and 200, thirteen from 200 to 300, two from 300 to 400, one from 500 to 600, one from 600 to 700, and two more than 800 each, or three and one-third meals a day.

OF course our Southern brethren are profiting by the recent negro hunts in New York and the still more recent riots in Ohio, to point out that the nature of white men in the North and South is not materially different. The WEEKLY has long held and professed that opinion, which may be entertained without abatement of mortification over senseless violence against negroes wherever it occurs. The worst feature of the late rioting in New York was the apparent disposition of many policemen to egg on the disorders, which it was their duty to restrain. That was a grave symptom which has considerably affected the general standing of the police in the estimation of the community that maintains them.

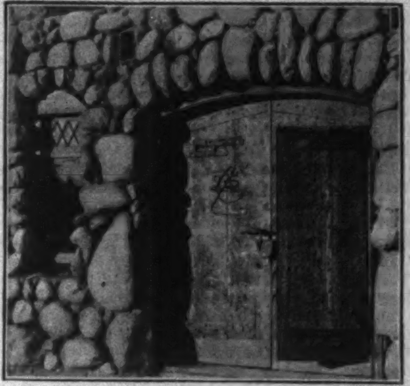
As for the riots at Akron, Ohio, they seem to have been quite as crazy as anything of the sort the South has offered. The negro whose crime was at the bottom of the trouble is doubtless imperfectly responsible, and a fitter object for medical supervision and possibly for surgical treatment than for lynching. A mob of hoodlums once started is a much more dangerous menace than one crazed negro, as our brethren in Ohio must have observed. All over the country, North and South, the sane members of society must continue to set their faces against lawless violence to negroes. There seems a chance to discourage rioting in Ohio by action of the courts, and we must all hope to see the courts improve their opportunity.

ACCORDING to a recent story in the New York *Sun*, twenty million dollars of capital from New York and Philadelphia is in course of expenditure to develop and employ a huge water-power at Sault Ste. Marie, where the waters of Lake Superior rush down on their way to the lower lakes. The start was made by Philadelphia men, who built a canal yielding 20,000 horse-power, which they tried to sell. Not succeeding, they had to use it themselves, and built pulp-mills to turn the neighboring spruce forests into pulp. The progress of their enterprises reads like a fairy tale. Chemical pulp is about twice as valuable as ground pulp. To get the sulphur to make chemical pulp they bought nickel-mines near by, and then iron-mines to afford iron to use with the nickel to make nickel-steel. Their enterprises now are of vast scope. They have acquired great stretches of timber-lands and valuable mines. The water-power they have and will obtain will drive their paper-mills and afford electricity for use in melting ores and making steel, and the expectation is, with cheap power, raw materials in vast quantities near by, and the economical use of all by-products, to make wood pulp, nickel-steel, sulphuric acid, bleaching-powder, and divers other merchantable commodities to very great advantage and at a corresponding profit. One detail of this enterprise is a railroad to Hudson Bay, to be finished in five years, by which time all the other enterprises of the company are expected to be in running order and working together for good. All, or nearly all, of this great work of construction and development is going on on Canadian territory.

WE were satisfied last week that the people in the legations at Peking had been rescued and were safe, but there is still anxiety as to whether there is any one among them who is capable of telling—as it should be told—the story of their experiences during the past six weeks. In able, appreciative, and duly imaginative hands it should be a notable story, though it will not be complete unless our end of it also is told, including all the Shanghai despatches.

THE ENTRANCE-HALL.

THE LIBRARY.



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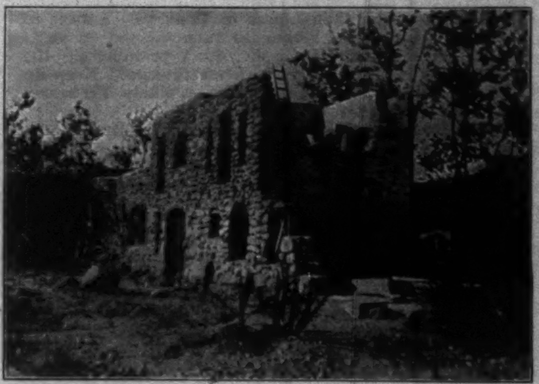

REAR VIEW BEFORE COMPLETION.

MR. LUMMIS AT WORK.

A Hand-made House

CHARLES F. LUMMIS, author and explorer, is too well known to the general reading public to require an introduction from any pen; but it may not be so well known that Mr. Lummis can build and is building a house as well as books, with the same master-hand and original brain.

On the banks of the Arroyo Seco, within the limits of the city of Los Angeles, where he has purchased three acres of land, on which are thirty great, distorted sycamore-trees and hundreds of tons of granite bowlders, I found him at his work-bench—and incidentally photographed him. But Mr. Lummis is never too busy to welcome a friend or give a kindly greeting to a guest. He is a New-Englander by birth, and his ancestry shows in his ability to tame wild land. With these same bowlders that he clears from his place he is building a permanent home, with his own hands placing the stones in the building and mixing the mortar; he is hewing and shaping each stick of lumber required in the construction of this model home; he is planning all the details of the structure, and when completed it will be not only original and characteristic of him, but all that may be desired for comfort and utility.

The house is being built around a "patio," or court, in which is a lawn of Bermuda grass shaded by an enormous fourfold sycamore, and a fountain is to add its cooling spray to this restful retreat. The oaken doors of the dwelling are fastened with quaint old locks, picked up in out-of-the-way parts of the world on his many exploring expeditions. There are cement floors and old-fashioned raftered ceilings; there are New-Mexican corner fireplaces in every room; there are windows of unique designs, one of which is especially deserving of mention—instead of the stained-glass panels around the sides of the plain plate-glass there are transparencies from many unique negatives taken by Mr. Lummis in South America, old Mexico, and our own Southwest that he has so thoroughly explored, forming one of the most interesting features of this very interesting house, and greatly enhancing the beauty of the room. The cement floors are to be covered with Navajo blankets, the walls are decorated with parchments, weapons, Indian baskets, old paintings (with many masterpieces by Keith), and other bric-à-brac gathered in foreign lands during long years of travel.

Mr. Lummis has been over a year working on this building, with the help of a twelve-year-old Indian boy, and has finished enough for occupancy this winter. However, it has not prevented his doing an immense amount of literary work in the interim. This is his first serious attempt in this line, though he has built log cabins and adobe houses during his varied experiences.

His motive in this undertaking is partly practical, partly sentimental. With so much literary and editorial work he needs out-door exercise, and he has, anyhow, a heresy that "a man's home should be part of himself. It should be enduring, and fit to endure. Life and death will hallow it; it mellows with the generations—if it outlast them. It should be good architecture, honest construction, comfortable, convenient, fire-proof, burglar-proof, time-proof; a possession, not a taskmaster. Something at least of the owner's individuality (presuming him to have some) should inform it. Some activity of his head, heart, and hands should make it really his—not just his on the abstract-office books and off the same bolt of calico that his neighbor buys from as uncarefully at the same price per yard. The more of himself he can put into it, the better for it and for him—even for purely selfish motives. Every one knows that the thing he has made is more genuinely his than the thing he has bought. The creative thrill is so fine and keen; it is sheer pitiful to see a man get a home off the bargain-counter, and miss nearly all the joy he might just as well have of it."

Everything about this house, down to the smallest detail, is made with the deliberate intention that it shall "last a thousand years." Contractors do not use such stiff cement nor carpenters such wood-work as is employed here in these eighteen-inch walls, four-inch doors, dovetailed and three-ply, three-inch window-sash, beams a foot through, arches to resist a harder earthquake than California ever had, floors three feet deep. Every room in the house looks out-doors at least two ways. Everything is on the ground-floor, except Mr. Lummis's mezzanine "den"—two beautiful rooms upstairs and almost in the giant sycamore, whose arms will brush all four roofs of the big quadrangle. For he does not believe in stairs as a means of grace for women. There will be 250 feet of porches—a seventy-foot cloister of Roman arches in front, and a veranda around the patio with ancient posts and corbels from some of the oldest *portales* in North America. Original timbers from California missions (which Mr. Lummis is engaged in preserving from destruction) figure here and there in the construction. Locks and keys are all several centuries old. The plans are, as it were, a composite photograph of literally thousands of old dwellings, forts, temples; bits of Spain, Mexico, Central America, Peru, Bolivia; lessons learned from Pueblos, Aztecs, Yuncas, Incas, Mayas, and a hundred other aboriginal peoples—for the home idea has been active in the explorer's heart ever since he began wandering. Yet so many remote schools of architecture have been reduced to a harmony. "Strange? Not at all," says Mr. Lummis. "They are not really incongruous to start with. All these folk built sincerely and for use—not to sell nor to show off. That is why you can add them all together and divide by your personal desire without getting a vulgar fraction. If we cannot do so with our average American houses to-day, it is because their construction is not 'personally conducted,' as it used to be. Hirelings doubtless never do a thing quite right. We were given hearts and hands to put into our work. Instead, we put them in our pockets and hire a union man to make work for himself out of what might be fun for us."

Everything about this home has a story—and a story personal to the owner. It is a sort of stenographic summary of Mr. Lummis's life—if a long-hand record of his perseverance and love. These huge hinges on the front door, which weighs half a ton, are from the pre-Inca ruins of Tiahuanaco (Bolivia). This door-knob is an idol of forgotten Chan-Chan, the greatest city ever built by American aborigines; and this one is a fistful of virgin silver from a deserted mine in the Sierra Madre. Here is a lock that more than a century ago ornamented the masterpiece of the greatest architect Mexico ever produced; and this key and escutcheon (which should be classed as jewelry rather than as smithing) are from the hand of the most famous Vulcan of Amozoc, three centuries ago. This mellow old bench was carved by a Franciscan missionary in New Mexico in 1720, and has been for more than a century the ceremonial seat of Pueblo governors. And so on for quantity. It would take a book to catalogue the list. These are all personal memorabilia of wanderings, exploration, excavation, contact with primitive peoples; not purchases from the bric-à-brac store. The furniture will greatly multiply these crystallizations of experience. When the building is fairly complete—which, with hard work, will be in four or five years—the builder will make his own furniture, coincidently casting into outer darkness the modern stuff which now serves its turn.

A fair example of the labor which goes into this house is the finish of the wood-work, which is of natural California redwood, several pines, poplar, ash, maple, etc. Mr. Lummis is not a devotee of the planing-mill, and has sarcastic words for flatnesses. He has spent more than fifty twelve-hour days simply in hewing with axe and broadaxe, finishing doors and windows with a special tool, a sort of huge chisel of his own device. All ceilings, beams, and planking are rough-hewn; all the other work is gouged into a peculiar and beautiful waviness. "What would you call it?" was asked. "Hm! Well, you might call it a moonlight finish"—and indeed it does at once remind one of a rippling moonlit lake. His affection seems divided between this and the more primitive "fire-finish." Some of the most massive rafters, the mantel in the "museum," and other things are laboriously charred over a camp fire, and then rubbed down till they shine like satin, while the grain of the wood is brought out most exquisitely.

This is but the beginning. At every step will be applied the ideals and the curious adornments Mr. Lummis has been so long collecting. He has to show for his fourteen months' work five rooms, complete except the windows of the fifth. Over four hundred tons of masonry are already in the walls—about one-fifth of the whole plan. When all the rooms are done there will still be occupation in making the tiles for 300 feet of red tile roof; at present flat asphalt serves.

If he can continue indefinitely—as he is confident that he can—home-building from daylight till dark, and from dark till 4 A.M. at his desk, this man, long buffeted by the wilderness, will presently have a home to suit him; a beautiful home, and as uncommon as his labors upon it. Meantime the family camps there, partly in the stone rooms, partly in the four-celled camp-house which he built as a preface to his magnum opus. Every day in the year they eat out-of-doors on the wide porch. Here is a real frontier hospitality; many a historian, ethnologist, artist, author, professor, sits down to the al fresco table and is coolly bedded down at night upon the floor. And when the Indian maid stalls at the range, the unabashed writer in white jeans drops hammer or trowel, seizes a frying-pan, sets up a camp fire, and adds savory mysteries to the menu. "Why not?" he retorts to the word of surprise. "I would be ashamed to be unable to do whatever needs doing in any contingency. If I had not learned to cook while I 'bached' in the wilderness I would learn right now."

ALICE J. STEVENS.

BARNEY BRIAN'S MONUMENT

·BY SEUMAS·MACMANUS

BARNEY, with the rest of us, used to come and sit in Toal-a-Gallagher's o' nights and hear the latest war news from America discussed. It was when, to our pain, North and South had sprung at each other. John Burns's weekly paper gave us the broad news of the war, and occasional Ameriky letthers threw sidelights upon interesting concomitant phases. Night by night the discussion had a deeper fascination for Barney. Barney loved a row as keenly as any man in the barony, and could acquit himself with as much credit. "Arrah, Charlie," he would say to Charlie Dunnion of the Bearna Dearg, when they had heard the account of the latest skirmish—"Arrah, Charlie, if me an' you had only been in the mi'st iv it! with our good blackthorns in our fist! I'd 'a' given me wan eye, Charlie—wouldn't you? Och, och! there's divil a bit iv fun at all, at all, in Ireland nowadays, an' meself's spoilin' for divarsion."

The news of the big bounties that were offered for substitutes, too, made Barney's eyes dilate with wonder. The whole thing had for him the fascination of a fairy-tale. And it did not surprise us very much when, on a night that a wonderful letter from Brian Melly—Brian Micky Hude, of Letterthraina, who had just joined the army—had been read, Barney jumped from his seat into the middle of the floor and said, "By gum! but I'm for the war."

And he was. In less than twenty-four hours Barney Brian had his passage taken, and had arranged to sail in two weeks.

There was lamentation from end to wynd of the parish. For we never knew how much we liked Barney Brian till we found he was going to leave us. Barney had neither mother nor brother, chick, child, or one belonging to him. He did a day's work to this man, that one, or the other, was well fed, bedded, and clad, and after that snapped his fingers at the world and the devil; for "No cow, no care," was Barney's maxim. A reckless, rollicking, devil-may-care fellow he was, to whom life was a lilt, and the world a big joke full of fun, frolic, and fair days. He could sing at his own wake, and dance at his own burial; and would sooner have a fight any day than a good dinner. He could learn a ballad far quicker than a prayer, and prove by his stories that fiction was stranger than fact. At everything that was bad, Barney was best in the parish—he was the best boxer, the best *caman*-player, the best dancer, whistler, and singer, the best at cards, and the best at the blackthorn; but to crown all, Barney's head was as full of rascally tricks as an egg is full of meat, and there was not an individual in the parish that he had not at one time or other fooled for his own fun and the enjoyment of every one.

There was lamentation from end to wynd of the parish. The tear was near to Father Dan's eye even, when he gave Barney his blessing and his advice. "But, Barney," he said, "for one thing I know ye'll not forget us when ye're far away—no more than we'll forget you; and I know, too, that in war or in paice, ye'll never do a thing that can be a cast-up to Cruckagar."

Three houses, no less—Padraig Mor's, and Toal-a-Gallagher's, and Corney Higerty's—were given up to Barney's Convoy the night before he started, and all three crowded from the hearth-stone to the door-step with them that came to enjoy the last spree in Barney's honor. Barney was loaded down with messages from fathers and mothers to children in all corners of the States. Barney did not hesitate to take charge of all; and would as cheerfully have taken charge of as many more, had such been forth-coming. "And, boys," Barney said, with his face lit up, "afther the war, provided I'm neither hung, shot, dead, nor a pres'ner, it's I'll be the rich man, an' I'll spend every penny iv me wealth buyin' presints to fetch home to yez, only savin' as much as 'ill give yez all, the night I come home again, the greatest an' grandest blow-out an' racket that ever was known in these parts since Micky McGurran's nine days' carouse, the time he brought home the wife with the fortune, from County Monaghan."

"God guard ye!" "God prosper ye!" and "God send ye luck, Barney *a thaisge!*" we said, and cheered till the rafters cracked. And when in the morning Barney took the road, with Jamie Meehan and the Widow's Pat before him carrying his box (which, God knows, but for decency, might have been shouldered by Pat alone without stressing him), half the parish took the road with him to see him well on his way, and the other half stood at their doors to press his hand, and pray God to speed him to fortune and watch over him in the war. There was a glisten in the eye and a gulp in the throat of many a one that day. It was no use, either, Barney's trying to kill their grief with a shaft of wit, or smother it with merry reminiscence—"Now, Andy, me son," to old stooped Andy McGeiver, "if ye go givin' the lads a wake afore I come back, I'll reckon ye a meaner man than I used to think ye. *I* want to have the pleasure of helpin' to turn the sod on ye"; and, "Arrah, Nancy Gillespie, don't ye mind all the tanthrums I've put ye in, with me thricks! Keep up yer heart Nancy *agragh*, for with God's help I'll annoy ye again—an' again."

But the old women only smiled very sadly at Barney's jokes now, and making him bless himself and bend his knee, shook the holy water on him ere he hastened on his way. So, when he had got clear of Cruckagar, Barney was almost drenched—"I trust in the Lord," he said, as he shook himself, "that I'll not take the rheumatiz." But when Barney reached the very highest point of the road, where it runs over the Bearna Dearg, he turned, and crossing his arms, in silence took a last long look at his loved Cruckagar where it lay, lonely, dreary, and gray, below. We looked at him and at Cruckagar, but we said no word. After a long time Barney shook his head slowly from side to side, and he waved one hand towards the scenes he was going from, and said, "God be with ye, Cruckagar!" That was all. Then he plucked a bit of heather from the brown moor that runs into the road-side there, and put it in the inside pocket of his waistcoat, and walked on. And for the rest of the way whilst we were with him Barney joked no more.

He enlisted on the very day he set foot in America, and in less than two months after, the word came from him—to Toal-a-Gallagher's—that the President had ordered him "to the front"; and Toal explained for our enlightenment what that phrase meant. "And, hi! for the fun an' the fighting," Barney said, in his dictated letter. "Barney Brian is going to distinguish himself and cover himself and Cruckagar with glory." He requested that Brian Monaghan, the stone-cutter, should be asked to mark out and reserve until his return the largest stone in Dhrimkeelan quarry—"for I mane to erect at the cross-roads, when I go back, a monument to my memory: 'To the memory of Kurnel Barney McGeiver, an Irishman and an American sojer, who was a native of this humble locality, and born in it, and who won the Ameriky war, having been sent to the front, and kept there till the enemy run—what of them wasn't left dead on the field.' Of course," he said, "I'll get Masther Whoriskey to put it into far grander English, tot'ly regardless of cost."

When Toal took off his spectacles, after reading Barney's epistle, he flourished them solemnly, and said, "An', boys, joke as Barney may about that monimint, we've seen greater wondhers than the Ameriky governmint itself settin' up a statiay of Barney Brian right on the middle of the main sthreet of New York—in recognition of distinguished sarvices rendhered." And indeed we all agreed it was a hopeful sign to find that the President had already discovered Barney's undoubted abilities, and recognized them by sending him to the front. And when, now, a stranger from Killymard or the Oileigh happened into Toal's of a night, and inquired how the war went, it gave us pride to hear Toal, as he drew a stitch or drove a peg, reply:

"Well, the divil a much startlin' there has been of late; but we'll soon be hearin' somethin'—for the President has ordhered Barney Brian to the front."

"Phew-ew-ew!" the stranger would whistle (for Barney and Barney's fighting qualities were, of course, as familiar as the *Hail Mary* to every one within the bounds of the barony). "Phew!" he would say, "then there'll be news purty soon."

"Yis," Toal would say, deftly paring a sole-edge, "the fate iv Ameriky is now on the tosser." As we sat in a circle around Toal and his journeyman (with our elbows on our knees, and bodies leant forward, as was our habit), and watched them ply their work, in fancy's eye we conjured up the picture of the American nation with bated breath pausing for the issue, whilst the sword-strokes of Barney Brian reverberated over the land from ocean to ocean.

When Barney did reach the front he did not forget Toal-a-Gallagher and Cruckagar. He wrote a long letter at least once a fortnight—sometimes once a week. Barney Brian's "letters from the front" became the sensation of the country. They were wonderfully interesting, containing as they did news of doings, and even of battles, that had entirely escaped the ordinary war correspondents, giving strikingly graphic descriptions of great encounters, and picturing all the stirring events of the war in a brisk, breezy, racy fashion to which the unoriginal press-man was a total stranger. Barney Brian and General Hancock were performing prodigious deeds of valor that made every one of us in Cruckagar feel a foot higher. The slaughter that Barney with his own good right hand wrought was something appalling: those who supported him in the war had a trying time indeed, clambering over corpses and wading shoe-mouth deep through bloody slush.

AN EVIDENCE OF BARNEY'S SPIRIT IN THE "MONUMENT."

"Arrah, tell Billy Brogan," said Barney, "that this isn't like swingin' a blackthorn in Ardhara fair." On one occasion, when pressed hard, Barney had to fight with a sword in each hand, and carrying a lead one in his mouth. In a particularly stiff battle his blade got so heated with hard work that when he returned it to the scabbard it burnt that to a cinder. I cannot tell the sorrow we all felt when Barney informed us that he had lost the *Cliabh Soluis** which he had named after the wonderful sword in our old-folk tales: in one battle, where the enemy pressed too thickly upon Barney, it seems he had the ill fortune to run the *Cliabh Soluis* through five men at one time, and as he could not withdraw it quickly enough, he had to seize another sword and go ahead, or lose his life. Barney, with the innate modesty that we had ever known to distinguish him, frankly disclaimed being the hero of all the most notable deeds of the war. He wrote us the full account of the Mayo boy who fought for five minutes and killed two men after his head was cut off. And the poor fellow might have fought longer, only that Barney, seeing his comrades were laughing, took pity on him and drew his attention to the fact that he was a dead man: "'for there's yer head,' says I," (these were the words of Barney's letter), "'lyin' at the gray horse's heels beyont.'" It seems it was cut off so deftly and quickly that the poor Mayo boy never found it goin'; but he could not now deny the evidence of his senses, so, heaving a sigh, he threw away his sword and stretched himself full length among the rest of the dead. As keenly as he felt for the poor fellow, Barney said he could barely keep from laughing himself.

During all that time in which Barney's letters from the front were coming, every one went to Toal-a-Gallagher's at night to hear the latest wonderful word from Barney and the wars. And the one letter was often discussed, again and again, for fifteen nights in succession, Toal himself illuminating the text in a more striking and effective manner on each succeeding night. We all agreed that Barney Brian, God bliss him and watch over him! was such a credit to Cruckagar as few men ever had been to the place that gave them birth, and that he and General Hancock were head and shoulders above all the other heroes of the war. But one thing that mortified us much was the fact

* Sword of light.

that, for some unexplained reason, the newspapers maintained a conspiracy of silence regarding the distinguished conduct of Barney. John Burns at length came to the conclusion that Barney had an envious enemy of wealth and influence, who bribed or coerced the press. "It isn't that. It isn't that," said Toal-a-Gallagher. "An' how then can ye explain to me the cure-yus fact," said John, "that while we don't see poor Barney's name wanst mentioned in the accounts iv all them battles that's a-fightin', General Hancock is at the beginnin' an' the middle an' the end an' all through them?"

"The raison," said Toal, impressively, "is as plain as that hammer in my hand. General Hancock," he said, "gets his due share iv praise—bekase he's *General Hancock;* Barney Brian is totally ignored—bekase he's only poor *Barney Brian.*"

Suddenly Barney's letters ceased coming. Two weeks passed without a letter, three weeks, four weeks. And the nightly group in Toal's began to shake their heads. There was one little gleam of hope, though, to which they fondly clung. "He may be a pres'ner iv war," said Toal-a-Gallagher; and we fervently hoped he was. "In that case," the Widow's Pat said, "the President 'ill either have him ransomed or raiscued."

But, alas! poor Barney was beyond the power of Presidents to ransom or rescue. An American newspaper, a couple of months old, came, by-and-by, to Neil Dunnion of Glen Coagh, from his son John. In the war news was an item which spread a gray melancholy over Cruckagar.

"In the repulse which a detachment of our troops met on Wednesday morning, when attacking the enemy's outpost at Merrit's Farm, special mention should be made of the intrepid conduct of a young Irishman, Private Bernard McGeiver, who rallied his comrades two times that they were being forced by overwhelming odds to retreat, and who, when eventually his comrades were compelled to fly in disorder, leaving fifty dead behind them, heroically scorned to move, but single-handed received the charge of the enemy, and fought fiercely and furiously, till he fell in his tracks. His body was recovered when, on Wednesday evening, the enemy was by a strengthened force dislodged, and, in recognition of the valiant fellow's heroism, was interred with military honors."

For the hundred and first time Toal, with a high head, but yet faltering tongue, read from the much-soiled paper this item to another new-comer; we again took off our hats and with lowered heads listened to the last record of poor Barney, and when Toal had finished we said: "May God have marcy on ye, Barney Brian!"

When Johnnie McDyer came home, three years after, with a sergeant's pension, he told us all about poor Barney. Barney had been in his company, as well as Toal-a-Gallagher's son, The Vagabone, and four other Cruckagar boys. Barney Brian, he said, was the boldest and best fighter that shouldered a musket in the civil war; and Barney would sooner be fighting than eating bread and butter. Johnnie said that Barney never went into skirmish or battle without a piece of heather stuck in the front of his cap—the piece which he pulled at the Bearna Dearg, when he took his last sad look at Cruckagar.

"If the coward feelin' (which God forbid!) should ever come over me," Barney told his comrades, "the thought of what's stuck in me cap 'ill narve me again—bekase, with a sprig iv heather from within sight iv Cruckagar in me cap, I wouldn't yield ground to a battalion iv divils."

And as he said, he felt. Barney never did retreat. Twice on the day on which he fell, Sergeant McDyer told, he saved the situation with that sprig of heather. For when his comrades would retreat, he just waved the cap with its sprig of heather in the faces of the half-dozen Cruckagar boys, and sang out, "Cruckagar *a buaidh! a buaidh!*"* with the result that the Cruckagar boys held their ground, and thus rallied the remainder of the detachment. When, at length, Barney fell, fighting alone, there were three of the Cruckagar boys already stretched wounded or dead on the hill-side, close by him—one of them Sergeant Johnnie McDyer. Johnnie, by-and-by, was able to crawl to where Barney lay. He said that Barney was hacked and riddled in a frightful fashion. "'Barney *a bhouchal,*' says I, 'are ye dead?' when I looked at him. Barney opened wan eye an' looked at me for a minnit.

"'Johnnie,' says he, 'I'm dead if I was sensible iv it. How is it with yerself?'

"'Och,' says I, 'nothin' to talk iv, barrin' a leg or so gone, I suppose.'

"'Then, Johnnie,' says he—for the divilment was dancin' in him, an' the life only just comin' an' goin' with his breath—'Then, Johnnie,' says he, 'ye must be dead too, since ye haven't a kick in ye.' And, 'Johnnie,' says he, 'this was tougher work nor crackin' skulls at Cornagullion. If God sends that ye ever take the life with ye back to Cruckagar, I'd like to be hearin' ye tell the story in Toal's. Is Pathrick Melly *down?*' says he.

"'Pathrick,' says I, 'is down an' dead (God have marcy on him!); Micky *Ruadh* is wounded, an' the rest iv the Cruckagar boys are safe.'

"Barney didn't say a word for some minutes. '*May God* have marcy on poor Pathrick,' says he, 'an' but it is me is sorry for his poor widda mother. Johnnie,' says he, 'Taigie Haghie is my purse-carrier. Whichever iv yez comes through these wars with the life, I want him to give Father Dan a poun' for masses for me—an' God knows,' says the poor fella, like to himself, 'I need them sore—an' the rest is to buy a milk-cow for the Widda Melly. There's a bit iv heather,' says he. 'Don't laugh at me, Johnnie, but I want it to be buried with me, cap an' all. On the last day, Johnnie, there'll be half a dozen Cruckagar lads proud to muster roun' it.'

"'Johnnie,' says he to me later, 'I feel now as light as when the creel would come off me back afther takin' two hundhred iv buildin'-stones to the top iv Dhrimkeelan hill to Paddy Waury's new house.'

"He lived three-quarthers iv an hour afther, an' just afore he did die he says, 'Johnnie!'

"'What is it, Barney *a gradh?*' says I.

"'Do ye know what I'm thinkin' iv? Ha! ha!' says the poor fella, sthrugglin' to get a laugh out iv him. 'I'm thinkin' about the moniamint to meself that I promised Toal an' the lads at home to erect when I'd go back with rank an' riches.'

"Says I, 'Well, Barney, comfort yerself, bekase on account iv the widda's milk-cow there'll be a moniamint afore ye in heaven.'

"'But, ha! ha! that's the point, Johnnie *a thaisge,*' says he; 'the widda's cow herself 'ill be the rarest moniamint iver the mind iv man invinted—a moniamint walkin' about on four legs an' givin' milk, an' thievin' in Matthew Miller's kail-garden.'

"Poor Barney turned his head to the wan side, an' the sowl went out iv him while the smile was still on his face at the consait iv the thing. I closed his hand on the bit iv heather. An' on the last day it's Barney Brian 'ill be the plaised man when he opens his eyes an' finds it there."

And every night and morning that the Widow Melly milked the monument (for, going out or coming in, it was known by no other name than "Barney Brian's Moniamint") she prayed to God—a prayer that found an echo in every heart in Cruckagar — that Barney's awakening might be a glorious one.

* Pronounced *A boo-ee.* It is Gaelic for *To Victory!*

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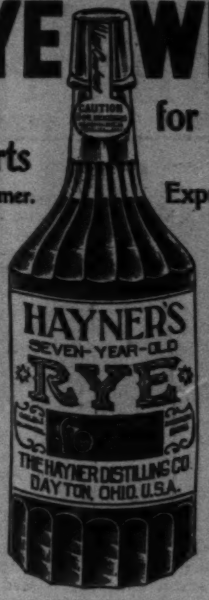

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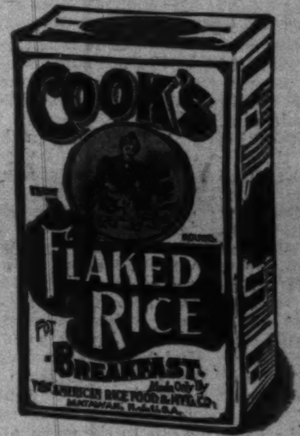

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THE PROGRESS of the CAMPAIGN

MR. BRYAN has again become the spectacular man of the campaign. On Thursday, August 23, he received a formal notification in Topeka, Kansas, of his nomination for the Presidency by the Populist National Convention, held in Sioux Falls. Mr. Bryan had not been much in the public eye since he was notified at Indianapolis that he was the nominee of the Democratic National Convention. He utilized the time between the two notifications by preparing his formal letter of acceptance for the various nominations which he had received, by composing the acceptance speech at Topeka, by catching up with his heavy correspondence, and by a ten days' visit in Chicago, during which he conferred with the managers of the Democratic campaign as to the general plan to be followed. At Indianapolis, Mr. Bryan confined his speech of acceptance almost solely to the so-called issue of Imperialism. At Topeka he dwelt on varied issues and spoke more briefly than at Indianapolis. He discussed the many questions at the outset, and then passed to the subject of trusts. He declared that prosperity was due to causes beyond political control, and then took up the subject of Militarism. He gave some figures to show that the great burdens which Militarism imposed on a nation always rest heavily on the masses. He also insisted that Imperialism was the "paramount issue" of the campaign. There was a large attendance at Topeka for the notification ceremonies, and considerable enthusiasm was manifested.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT is gradually coming to the front as the chief figure of public interest on the Republican side of the fighting. The national committee has simply been swamped with applications to have him speak at almost every town of importance on his proposed route to the Pacific coast and back. Those cities and towns which have not received assurances of obtaining a formal speech from the Governor are planning to stop his car if possible for a few minutes. This plan would mean a stop every score of miles, more or less, along the route, with a prospect of a car-tail speech. The Governor's throat is not in the best condition, and it is evident that a limit must be set at the very beginning to the extent of his speech-making. Therefore it is announced that he will make no car-tail speeches on the trip, and that he will conserve his voice to the fullest possible extent so as to last through the entire campaign. Governor Roosevelt will take with him, to do the car-tail speaking and other heavy work which he cannot undertake himself, two Eastern spellbinders. They are John Proctor Clarke, of New York city, and Curtis Guild, of Boston.

Governor Roosevelt is also attracting renewed public attention through a letter which he sent on August 9 to the Hon. John M. Palmer, of Illinois. Mr. Palmer was the nominee of the Gold Democrats for President in 1896. This year he has announced his intention of voting for McKinley, but criticised severely Governor Roosevelt's recent St. Paul speech in which the Governor was quoted widely as saying that Democrats in general "stand for lawlessness and disorder, for dishonesty and dishonor, for license and disaster at home, and cowardly shrinking from duty abroad." Governor Roosevelt told General Palmer that his speech had been misunderstood. He meant to accuse and did accuse the makers of the Kansas City platform, and not Democrats in general, of those unpatriotic opinions and actions.

THE Republican cause continues to receive recruits of importance from the ranks of those who four years ago supported Mr. Bryan and free silver ardently. The most notable of these recruits in the last few days is United States Senator William M. Stewart, who for more than two decades has been what might be called the High Priest of free silver. Mr. Stewart was formerly a Republican. He returns to his old party now, not because he has forsaken the 16-to-1 idea, but because he is an expansionist, and because he asserts that Mr. Bryan by making Imperialism the "paramount issue" has practically abandoned free silver. Mr. Stewart was the man who discovered the famous "Crime of 1873." He had long been known as the champion long-distance talker of the United States Senate, because of his advocacy of free-silver coinage. After the advent, however, of Senator William Vincent Allen, of Nebraska, Mr. Bryan's strong personal friend, Mr. Stewart's reputation as an endurance talker was eclipsed. The Republican managers were intensely pleased with the return of Mr. Stewart to the fold. He gave out an interview in which he said:

"Mr. Bryan's unparalleled campaign for the principles of the Chicago platform, and his insistence upon the adoption of that platform at Kansas City, induced the people to suppose the campaign of 1900 would be conducted on the issues of 1896. In this they were mistaken. A hallucination induced Bryan to make war on an army of ghosts and hobgoblins which his diseased brain created. His instinct, which had formerly led him to consider realities, departed. He sought his closet in pursuit of phantoms, and he strung together 10,000 words which he gave to the public at Indianapolis... He is now the full-fledged candidate of Aguinaldo and of Aguinaldo's friends and supporters at home and abroad."

Mr. Stewart ridiculed Mr. Bryan's declaration that if elected he would call a special session of Congress to deal with the Philippine question, and was especially severe upon the determination expressed by Mr. Bryan to protect the Filipinos with some sort of a Monroe Doctrine idea. He said that to enforce such a scheme would require the exercise of a Militarism beside which the Militarism of President McKinley, to which Mr. Bryan objects strenuously, would pale into insignificance. Mr. Stewart also blamed Mr. Bryan for a two-faced attitude. He said that Mr. Bryan, having secured the ratification of the treaty with Spain, had no right to declare the President at fault in obeying the requirements of that treaty, which, as soon as it was ratified, became the supreme law of the land.

There was a report that United States Senator Jones of Nevada, Mr. Stewart's colleague, had also declared for the Republican national nominees. This makes a noteworthy change in political opinion in a free-silver State, the two United States Senators who advocated Bryan's election in 1896 having come over to the Republican party on the broad issue of Expansion.

A DETERMINED effort is being made in the campaign on both sides to appeal to prejudices of race and of nationality in securing votes. The Republicans have feared wholesale defections of German-born citizens, and the Democrats are doing all in their power to encourage the belief that Germans who have voting rights in this country are set upon supporting Mr. Bryan in their hostility to Imperialism and the dangers of so-called Militarism. There have also been appeals made to Jews as Jews to vote for members of their race who have received nominations for offices of importance. In order to attract the German and the Hebrew vote the Democrats of Illinois nominated for Governor an estimable man named Alschuler, a Jew of German extraction. An appeal was made to Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, the famous Rabbi of Chicago, to support Mr. Alschuler and Mr. Bryan. Dr. Hirsch made public a letter in which he declared that while he had not supported the Philippines policy of the Administration, he found it superior to that which Mr. Bryan suggested, and would, therefore, support Mr. McKinley. Then he uttered this rebuke to those who would ask votes on the ground of race prejudice:

"I have the highest esteem for Mr. Alschuler. All that know him are unanimous in testifying to his nobility of character and his ability. The fact that I am a Jew and Mr. Alschuler is of Jewish parentage cannot influence my action. I do not vote as a Jew, but as an American citizen. What would we say if Methodists would appeal to their coreligionists to support a Methodist because he is a member of their Church? If we are so foolish as to vote for a Jew simply because he is a Jew, we must be prepared to have others vote against Jewish candidates because these are Jews. Judaism teaches loyalty to principle. There is and there ought to be no such thing as a Jewish vote. It is as insane as would be a Catholic vote. Hebrew marching clubs, no matter under what banner, are an insult to the spirit of our institutions."

THE demand for a public speech from Chairman Hanna of the Republican national committee became so strong that the Senator could resist it no longer, and he opened the Republican campaign in New Jersey at Asbury Park on August 21 at an evening meeting which was attended by fully 5000 persons. Mr. Hanna ostensibly was the presiding officer of the occasion. He really was the chief speaker. He spoke extemporaneously, and in that blunt, direct fashion which made him especially attractive upon the stump in the Ohio campaign a year ago. He began by saying that New Jersey Republicans, like New Jersey mosquitoes, know their business. He then said that he did not intend to discuss the issues of the campaign or to sound the key-note, a note which is badly overworked always in national campaigns, but he came to sound a note of warning, not only to the Republicans of New Jersey, but to those of the nation, against overconfidence. He made this assertion:

"Every man of family, every man of property, and every man with an atom of patriotism must realize the necessity of making the utmost effort to continue the Administration in power. We have a desperate foe to meet. The fate of Bryanism hangs in the balance. If it is killed now, it is killed forever. It behooves us not to be too confident, lest that—well, I don't know what to call it, unless I call it the Cuckoo Party—steal a march on us."

Later in the evening, at a dinner given in a hotel at Deal Beach, Chairman Hanna made another speech and spoke of President McKinley's hard work on behalf of the country. He said that the President was not an arrogant boss or an autocrat, eager for power and Imperialism, as he had been pictured by Mr. Bryan and other Democrats.

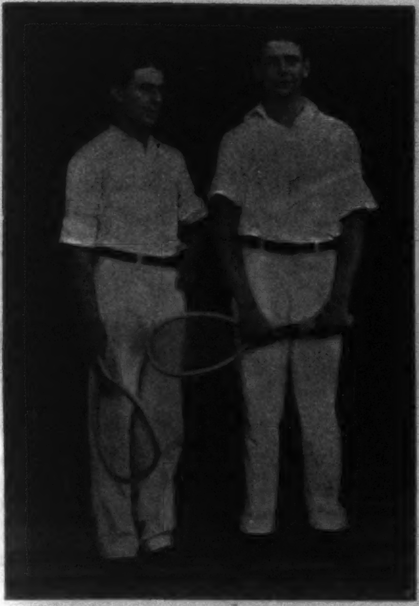
THE Democratic campaign managers evidently intend to fall back upon Charles A. Towne, of Minnesota, who recently declined the nomination for Vice-President by the Populists, to counteract the effect of Governor Roosevelt's speaking tour in the West. It is given out that Mr. Towne will follow Governor Roosevelt as far as possible, and that in the Central West especially he will try to overcome the personal influence of the New York Rough Rider. Mr. Towne left the Republican party in 1896 because of his devotion to free silver. He was nominated for Vice-President because of that same devotion. He still clings to the importance of free silver as a campaign issue, but it is evident that he is coming around to the Bryan idea that Imperialism is the "paramount issue." In an interview recently Mr. Towne said:

"Events must determine the future of free silver. It will be a pressing issue some time. Recent actions have postponed the day, but it is now overshadowed by questions of more immediate importance."

RICHARD CROKER continues to absorb public attention in the campaign in New York State. There is the sharpest kind of a conflict in the Democratic party in the State. The game is to secure control of the party machinery for the future. Mr. Croker aspires to be State leader or boss, probably not so much from a desire to assume such responsibilities voluntarily as to defeat any possibility of a movement within the party ranks to dethrone him in New York city. He does not want another Democratic organization in the metropolis. There is every indication that former Senator Hill and former Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan intend, if possible, to build up a Democratic following in New York city in opposition to Mr. Croker. Mr. Croker is filled with intense personal hatred of Mr. Hill, and his campaigning is simply along that level. His latest move is one that may seem audacious. It is nothing less than an attempt to set up a campaign committee of his own in New York city in separate quarters from the State committee of his party, and his purpose evidently is to build up an organization in the State to rival or secure the control of the regular organization of the party outside of New York city now dominated by Mr. Hill's followers. Personal revenge is the watch-cry of the Croker campaign. Self-preservation is the sole object. On August 16 the Democratic State Committee met in Saratoga to fix the date and place of the Democratic State Convention. It was the occasion of the fifth set conflict between Mr. Croker and Mr. Hill for supremacy in State politics. Mr. Croker won his fifth victory, but it was by the narrow margin of twenty-six to twenty-three votes. Mr. Hill sprung a surprise upon the committee by suggesting that the temporary chairman of the convention be selected then. He nearly carried his point. Mr. Croker's victory was so slender that it aroused to the full his spirit of vindictiveness, a personal matter which is bound to have full sway in the course of the Democratic party of New York State in the future. Mr. Croker says that his new headquarters are simply his personal headquarters, where former Senator Murphy, whom Mr. Croker recognizes as State leader, will do his campaign work. Both Mr. Murphy and Mr. Croker announced, as soon as these headquarters were opened, that Comptroller Coler was an "impossible candidate." The Croker forces sent an emissary to Supreme Court Justice D. Cady Herrick, in Albany, to see if he would be persuaded to run for Governor. Mr. Herrick did not send a blunt refusal back. Mr. Hill favors Mr. Coler. The latter would like to be Governor, largely because Mr. Croker doesn't want him to be.

On the Republican side it is announced that State Chairman Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., will be nominated for Governor. For business reasons he doesn't want the office. Mr. Platt wants him to have it, the party workers all over the State have clamored for the nomination, Governor Roosevelt has favored it, and the result is that Mr. Odell has felt it his duty to give in.

THE result of the "Liberty Congress" held by the Anti-Imperialist League on August 16 was the indorsement of Bryan and Stevenson. The resolutions said, "We advise direct support of Mr. Bryan as the most effective means of crushing Imperialism." The attendance at the convention was less than four hundred delegates, and there was little enthusiasm. United States Senator Proctor is anxious to have Vermont "set an example" to the rest of the country in the State election on September 4. He wants at least a 30,000 plurality for the Republican State ticket. Speaker Henderson of the National House of Representatives has returned from his trip to the Pacific coast, and says that the Expansion issue will make all the States bordering on the Pacific absolutely certain for McKinley. Senator Fairbanks of Indiana declares that the Imperialism issue has fallen flat in his State, and that Bryan has no chance of carrying it. Senator Beveridge of Indiana, who is known as a fervid orator, has accepted Mr. Bryan's gage of Imperialism as the "paramount issue" and will make his speeches along the line of Expansion, and with the idea of counteracting talk on the danger of Imperialism. Both the Republicans and Populists in the State of Mississippi are to make an active campaign. This is a great novelty, especially for the Republicans. Their leaders say they hope to poll 25,000 votes in the State. Another State in which the Republicans hope to make a good showing is Texas. State Chairman Green says the Democrats there are divided and the Republican vote will be much larger than usual. United States Senator Pettigrew, South Dakota, is making a vigorous campaign for re-election, but says that he would prefer Bryan's election to his own.



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The Visiting English Tennis-Players

THE lawn-tennis season practically ended with the championship tournament at Newport last week. During the last two seasons the game has been making rapid recoveries in popularity, and the steady increase in the interest taken in the matches culminated this season in the most interesting series of tournaments that has ever been held on this side of the Atlantic.

The chief feature of the season was unquestionably the international matches between English and American players. Through the generosity of Dwight F. Davis, of St. Louis and Harvard, 1900, the Davis International Challenge Cup has brought about the first officially recognized international meeting ever held in lawn-tennis. We have had many foreign experts playing on American courts, and a number of our players have gone abroad to take part in the foreign tournaments, but in every case these visits have been made on the individual responsibility of the players, and the results of their matches have never been officially recognized as defining the relative skill of the players of the two countries.

This season the English Lawn-Tennis Association accepted the American invitation to challenge for the Davis trophy, and officially sent over here three of the leading British players, namely, A. W. Gore (captain of the team), E. D. Black, and H. R. Barrett. The matches for international supremacy and the temporary possession of the Davis cup were played at the Longwood Cricket Club, near Boston, two weeks ago, and they resulted in an overwhelming victory for the American representatives. There were originally five matches to be played—four in singles and one in doubles—but several days of rain upset the programme badly, and in the end only three were finished. These were really all that were necessary, for the American players won all three, and the event was practically decided then.

Two of the three visitors also entered for the American championship at Newport, and played there the week before last. It was perhaps unfortunate that they were forced to meet each other in the third round, but this was due entirely to the chances of the draw, and could not be avoided. Gore beat Black easily, but was in turn beaten in the semi-finals by George L. Wrenn, Jr., one of the strongest of the second-class American players. As Wrenn was unable to make any headway at all against Larned in the finals, it was apparent that neither Gore nor Black was equal to the first-class American experts, under American conditions anyway. It is purely a matter for conjecture what they would be able to do if they were to meet our strongest players in England.

The failure of the visiting English experts is one of the most interesting problems of the year, and it is disappointing to have to admit that the international matches did not entirely accomplish what was expected of them. While American players can honestly claim the international championship, it has not been proven beyond question, even by the overwhelming defeat of the visitors, that American lawn-tennis players are more skilful than their British cousins. The Englishmen did not consider the matches a fair test, and complained of the conditions under which they had to meet our experts. Our enervating climate, the slowness of our courts, and of our players while in action, and the time at which the matches were played, were urged as partial reasons for their failure, but most of all, the difference between the English balls and ours, and the twist services which some of the American players have invented.

There can be no doubt that the American balls are a shade larger (our rule requires that they shall be) than the English variety, a little softer, and do not fly so fast nor bound so high on account of the difference in the felt with which they are covered, and in the hardness of the ball itself. The "reverse-twist" service of Davis, Whitman, and Ward, the three members of the American team, undoubtedly killed the English chances in the international matches, for the visitors had never seen its erratic bound before, and at first it is very difficult to hit such a ball accurately, but this reason would not account for the Newport failure of both men, for neither met any such play there, yet it took Black five close sets each to beat Hardy and Budlong, and Gore played the full five with both Ward and G. Wrenn, beating the former and losing to the latter; yet all four of these Americans, whose skill seemed about equal to that of the visitors, are among the second-class American experts, while Gore and Black are rated as first class in their own country. The only first-class American players the visitors met were at Longwood and Southampton, where they won one set out of nine in singles, and none at all in six of doubles.

Technically, the failure of the visitors was one of methods rather than individuals. Admitting that all three of the Englishmen were badly out of form while here, their styles of play are thought by American judges to be unequal to those of the American leaders. Gore showed no ability to volley and little speed or skill in his backhand play; he appeared to be a man of a single stroke, a forehand drive off the ground, and that play alone can never be expected to win from a well-developed player who forces the weaker side and goes to the net to kill the opponent's return on the volley. Black showed more even development in his play than Gore, but he volleyed from too far back in his court to drive his attack home, and was too unsteady to win from any of the first-class Americans.

The Britishers admit that they had no conception of the skill of the American players before they left home. They came here grossly over-confident, played for the international championship with only two days' practice, and now they have gone home very much disappointed and disgusted. They were, themselves chiefly to blame for their poor showing. Their objections to the hours of play and the slowness on the court of the Americans seem trivial; they should have adapted themselves to these minor conditions. The balls undoubtedly did prove a drawback, and possibly the slow courts, but the twist service was as legitimate an advantage in favor of the home team as any other stroke that was played. All these reasons, however, hardly constitute any excuse for the failure of the British team, and the inference is plain that at least on our own courts, American lawn-tennis players are more skilful than their British cousins.

J. PARMLY PARET.

A Democratic View

EDITOR HARPER'S WEEKLY, NEW YORK:

If you see fit to use the enclosed you are at liberty to do so. It is written from the stand-point of an old rebel who has always been a Democrat and is too much of an American to support Bryan. Yours,

JAMES W. OATES.

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA, *August 10, 1900.*

ONE cannot read Mr. Bryan's Indianapolis speech without yielding the most unbounded admiration to it as a Fourth-of-July effort—one of those things born in the clouds, and altogether too lofty in aspiration for a home elsewhere than in the profound reaches of the sky. I do not support Mr. Bryan this year, for we have much of earthly concern and human interest involved; but if he and I should be on earth when the Millennium comes, he will be my first choice for President. He would then fit like a round pin into a round hole.

In that speech there is not an argument made against so-called "Imperialism" that would not have been, in its essence, choice argument for a Copperhead speech in 1861-5. If there is anything in this consent-of-the-governed doctrine as laid down by Mr. Bryan, it is the property of all people and all ages. Its only condition is consent, and there is no other condition. Neither previous conditions, present engagements, nor future purposes affect or enter into it. He makes it an independent, exceptionless right; a universal heritage, eternally vested and impossible to spend. According to him, a people, whether numerous or few, or whatever their conditions, have only to consent or withhold their consent, and that solitary fact controls all others. To use a modern slang expression, Consent is IT, and there is nothing else to IT. It is perfectly apparent to any thinking man that government under this idea is an impossibility.

It matters little that he quotes detached parts of what Mr. Lincoln said, when we have in his acts, which are the monumental evidences of what Mr. Lincoln thought, evidences that show conclusively how he understood this doctrine. Mr. Bryan's idea of it was absolutely negated by Mr. Lincoln's acts. Those acts denied this doctrine, as Mr. Bryan understands it, to 5,000,000 of capable white Americans in the South. Mr. Bryan is unfortunate in quoting the words of a man to prove that he believed that which every act of that man's life shows he did not believe.

Those who opposed Secession in 1861-5, and who now support Mr. Bryan, may, and perhaps do, attempt to show that this consent-of-the-governed idea was not then involved—I mean the Bryan interpretation of it. He who looks squarely and with mental honesty at it through Mr. Bryan's spectacles must admit that Secession was the very thing itself. Whether it was then right or not, is not the question; that has become ancient history, and is not subject to revision. It is sufficient for the present that it was then settled contrary to Mr. Bryan's interpretation, and there are not a half-dozen old Confederate soldiers who do not want it to stay settled. They know an accomplished fact when they meet it on the highway. And there are a few of us who have enough human nature in us to feel that we are not called upon to rend our garments trying to give a few Tagalogs in the Chinese Sea what was denied to us. This may not be very ideal, but it is human. From Mr. Bryan's stand-point it would appear to be logical that we tell each State to get out of the Union when she sees fit to do so; but we must also hunt up the remnants of the Indians, and turn over all this country to them as a matter of clear but tardy justice. If we are going to be so aggressively pure, let's do it up in style and thoroughly.

I call attention to these things only to show that Mr. Bryan has figured out his Idealism with but little regard to human nature and the facts of American history. Were this a Nation of Angels, living on ambrosia furnished by a perpetual automatic supply-machine, rather than one of red-blooded Americans who earn bread and meat by the sweat of their brows, as we are, we might consider the idealistic views of Mr. Bryan as sufficient for our needs. But there are of us some who are not disposed to accord the claim of statesmanship to him who cannot correlate theory with the unbending conditions of human life: who do not believe a man is a safe leader for this nation of men and women struggling with the complex problems of life, merely because he combines in himself in such splendid proportions the two qualities of the King of Epigram and the Dreamer of Sweet Dreams.

I am also much impressed by another error made by Mr. Bryan—again because he had his head in the clouds. He assumes that the "consent" of the Filipinos to our government of those islands has been withheld. Is that true? I have always understood that only a part of the tribe of the Tagalogs objected, and that this tribe, all told, is not more than 1,000,000 in a total population of 10,000,000 in those islands. Either the spirit of Munchausen has returned to earth with powers more splendid than before, or this is approximately the fact. If that be true, not more than one man in ten on those islands withholds his "consent," and Mr. Bryan, with his head still in the deep blue sky, ignores the nine, and hears only the racket of the one. There are, happily, Americans who look at this as a practical matter, and regard the acquiescence of the nine as equivalent to the "consent" of all, and who refuse to regard the wishes of the one, especially so long as he is trying to people the sands of Luzon with the bones of American soldiers.

I am disposed to think that we will keep the Philippines, and have an army and a navy large enough to protect American rights, for we know, not as a dream, but as a fact based on abundant experience, that they will be protected in no other way. This world is so made that we have to fight for what we get, and Idealism is no title to what we think life owes us. We had rather pay to maintain a sufficient army and a navy for all future time than to be licked once. Nor do we think that American institutions are likely to be endangered by the American soldier; at least, there is nothing so far in his conduct that warrants rational apprehension from that direction; rather do we look for danger from civil decadence in the centres of congested population where politics is made a profession.

JAMES W. OATES.

UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION. XI.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

RAFE. "The old lady looks comfortable and contented."
UNCLE JEFF. "Why shouldn't she? There ain't no danger of a runaway."

*Mr. Dooley**

XXXVI.—ON THE NEGRO PROBLEM

"WHAT'S goin' to happen to th' naygur?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "he'll ayther have to go to th' North an' be a subjick race, or stay in th' South an' be an objick lesson. 'Tis a har-rd time he'll have annyhow. I'm not sure that I'd not as lave be gintly lynched in Mississippi as baten to death in New York. If I was a black man, I'd choose th' cotton belt in prifrince to th' belt on th' neck fr'm th' polisman's club. I wud so.

"I'm not so much throubled about th' naygur whin he lives among his opprissors as I am whin he falls into th' hands iv his liberators. Whin he's in th' South he can make up his mind to be lynched soon or late, an' give his attintion to his other pleasures iv composin' rag-time music on a banjo, an' wurrukin' f'r th' man that used to own him an' now on'y owes him his wages. But 'tis th' divvle's own hardship f'r a coon to step out iv th' rooms iv th' S'ciety f'r th' Brotherhood iv Ma-an where he's been r-readin' a pome on th' 'Future iv th' Moke,' an' be pursooed be a mob iv abolitionists till he's driven to seek polis protection—which, Hinnissy, is th' polite name f'r fracture iv th' skull.

"I was f'r sthrikin' off th' shackles iv th' slave, me la-ad. 'Twas thrue I didn't vote f'r it, bein' that I heerd Stephen A. Douglas say 'twas onconstitootional, an' in thim days I wud go to th' flure with anny ma-an f'r th' constitootion. I'm still with it, but not so sthrong. It's movin' too fast f'r me. But no mather. Annyhow I was f'r makin' th' black ma-an free, an' though I shtud be th' South as a spoortin' preposition, I was kind iv glad in me heart whin Gin'ral Ulyss S. Grant bate Gin'ral Lee an' th' rest iv th' Union officers captured Jiff Davis. I says to mesilf, 'Now,' I says, 'th coon 'll have a chanst f'r his life,' says I, 'an' in due time we may injye him,' I says.

"An' sure enough it looked good f'r a while, an' th' time come whin th' occas'nal dollar bill that wint acrost this bar on pay night wasn't good money onless it had th' name iv a naygur on it. In thim days they was a young la-ad—a frind iv wan iv th' Donohue boys—that wint to th public school up beyant, an' he was as bright a la-ad as ye'd want to see in a day's walk. Th' larnin' iv that la-ad wud sind Father Kelly back to his grammar. He cud spell to make a hare iv th' hedge schoolmasther, he was as quick at figures as th' iddycated pig they showed in th' tint las' week in Haley's vacant lot, an' in joggerphy, asthronomy, algybbera, jommethry, chimisthry, physiojnomy, bassoophly, an' fractions I was often har-rd put mesilf to puzzle him. I heerd him gradyooate, an' his composition was so fine very few cud make out what he meant.

"I met him on th' sthreet wan day afther he got out iv school. 'What ar-re ye goin' to do f'r ye'ersilf, Snowball?' says I—his name was Andhrew Jackson George Wash'nton Americus Caslateras Beresford Vanilla Hicks, but I called him 'Snowball,' him bein' as black as a coal, d'ye see—I says to him: 'What ar-re ye goin' to do f'r ye'ersilf?' I says. 'I'm goin' to enther th' profission iv law,' he says, 'where be me acooman an' industhry I hope,' he says, 'f'r to rise to be a judge,' he says, 'a Congrissman,' he says, 'a Sinitor,' he says, 'an' p'rhaps,' he says, 'a Prisidint iv th' United States,' he says. 'Theyse nawthin' to prevint,' he says. 'Divvle a thing,' says I. 'Whin we made ye free,' says I, 'we opened up all these opporchunities to ye,' says I. 'Go on,' says I, 'an' enjye th' wealth an' position conferred on ye be th' constitootion,' I says. 'On'y,' I says, 'don't be too free,' I says. 'Th' freedom iv th' likes iv ye is a good thing an' a little iv it goes a long way,' I says. 'An' iv I iver hear iv ye bein' Prisidint iv th' United States,' I says, 'I'll take me whitewashin' away fr'm ye'er father, ye excelsior hair, poached-egg eyed projiny iv tar,' I says, f'r me Anglo-Saxon feelin' was sthrong in thim days.

"Well, I used to hear iv him afther that defindin' coons in th' polis coort, an' now an' thin bein' mintioned among th' scatthrin' in Raypublican county con-vintions, an' thin he dhropped out iv sight. 'Twas years befure I see him again. Wan day I was walkin' up th' levee smokin' a good tin-cint seegar whin a coon wearin' a suit iv clothes that looked like a stained-glass window in th' house iv a Dutch brewer, an' a pop-bottle in th' fr-ront iv his shirt, steps up to me an' he says: 'How d'ye do, Mistah Dooley?' says he. 'Don't ye know me—Mistah Hicks?' he says. 'Snowball?' says I. 'Step inside this dureway,' says I, 'lest Clancy, th' polisman on th' corner, take me f'r a octoroon,' I says. 'What ar-re ye doin'?' says I. 'How did ye enjye th' Prisidincey?' says I. He laughed an' tol' me th' story iv his life. He wint to practisin' law an' foun' his on'y clients was coons, an' they had no assets but their vote at th' prim'ry. Besides a warrant f'r a moke was th' same as a letther iv inthroduction to th' warden iv th' pinitinchry. Th' on'y thing left f'r th' lawyer to do was to move f'r a new thrile, an' afther he'd got two or three he thought ol' things was th' best an' ye do well to lave bad enough alone. He got so sick iv chicken he cudden't live on his fees, an' he quit th' law an' wint into journalism. He r-run *Th' Colored Supplimint*, but it was a failure, th' taste iv th' public lanin' more to quadhroon publications, an' no ma-an that owned a resthrant or theaytre or drhygoods store'd put in an ad-ver-tisemint f'r fear th' subscribers'd see it an' come ar-round. Thin he attimpted to go into pollytics, an' th' best he cud get was carryin' a bucket iv wather f'r a Lincoln Club. He thried to larn a thrade, an' found th' on'y place a naygur can larn a thrade is in prison, an' he can't wurruk at that without committin' burglary. He started to take up subscriptions f'r a sthrugglin' church an' found th' profission was overcrowded. 'Fin'ly,' says he, ''twas up to me to be a porther in a saloon or go into th' on'y business,' he says, 'in which me race has a chanst,' he says. 'What's that?' says I. 'Craps,' says he. 'I've opened a palachal imporyium,' he says, 'where,' he says, ''twud please me very much,' he says, 'me ol' abolitionist frind,' he says, 'if ye'd dhrop in some day,' he says, 'an' I'll roll th' sweet, white bones f'r ye,' he says. ''Tis th' hope iv me people,' he says. 'We have an even chanst at ivry other pursoot,' he says, 'but 'tis on'y in craps we have a shade th' best iv it,' he says.

"So there ye ar-re, Hinnissy. An' what's it goin' to come to, says ye. Faith, I don't know an' th' naygurs don't know, an' be hivins, I think if th' lady that wrote th' piece we used to see at th' Halsted Sthreet Opry House come back to earth, she wudden't know. I used to be all broke up about Uncle Tom, but cud I give him a job tindin' bar in this here liquor store? I freed th' slave, Hinnissy, but, faith, I think 'twas like tur-rnin' him out iv a panthry into a cellar."

"Well, they've got to take their chances," said Mr. Hennessy. "Ye can't do annything more f'r thim than make thim free."

"Ye can't," said Mr. Dooley; "but whin we tell thim they're free they know we're on'y sthringin' thim." F. P. DUNNE.

* Copyright 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.

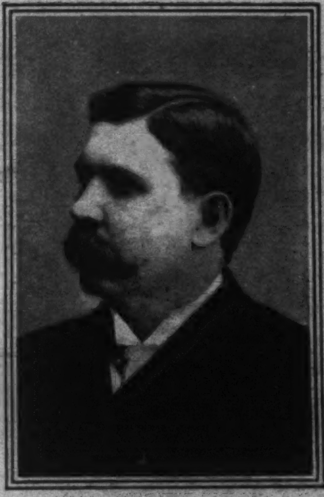
Spanish War Relics

MANY accoutrements of war have been added to the collection of the National Museum since the close of the Spanish war. Hardly a day passes that does not see it increased by something of interest, and the campaigns by land and water in Cuba, the Philippines, and Porto Rico have all contributed to the education of posterity in the ways of present-day warfare. When the work is completed, it will furnish an interesting study of a great epoch in American history.

The Capron loan collection, which occupies a case by itself, tells a pathetic story of the horrors of war, and includes the uniforms, swords, and other relics of father and son who sacrificed their lives in their country's service. The yellow-plumed cavalry helmet of Captain Allyn K. Capron, who was killed at Las Guasimas, is there, together with the sabre and sweat-stained gauntlets he wore when he was struck down. The artillery helmet, uniform, sword, spurs, and accoutrements of his father, who died from fever contracted while in Cuba, have also a place. Although not pertaining to the war with Spain, one of the most interesting relics is the sword worn by Captain Erastus Allyn Capron when he was killed at the battle of Cherubusco, during the Mexican war.

The relics of the battle-ship *Maine*, which was blown up in the harbor of Havana, has a case to itself. This collection embraces the wrecked steering-wheel, the binnacle and stand, pieces of the silver service presented by the State of Maine, the compass, shells, and powder-tanks. There are also the ribbon decorations used at the ceremonies over the *Maine* dead. Dewey's victory at Manila is well represented. There is a 6-pounder rapid-fire gun captured from the Spaniards at Cavite, the steering-wheel from a Spanish gunboat which was destroyed, a huge search-light from a cruiser, and flags that flew from the masts of sinking and burning ships.

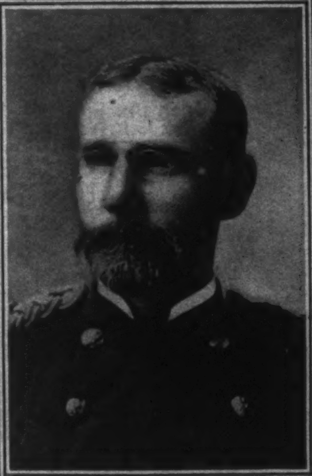
A large case labelled "Historic objects from the campaign in Cuba" contains some interesting relics, chief among them being a huge submarine mine fished out of Santiago Bay. The gallantry of the crew of the little torpedo-boat *Winslow* is recalled by a plate taken from that vessel, perforated by shells from the Spanish land batteries. There is also in this case a plate from a partition in the *Iowa*,



CONGRESSMAN J. P. DOLLIVER,
Appointed United States Senator from Iowa to succeed the late John H. Gear.

pierced by a shell from the *Cristóbal Colon*. Hobson's daring deed is represented by a fragment from the mast-head of the *Merrimac*, and a section of the Santiago and Jamaica cable, cut close to the shore under a withering fire, speaks in testimonial of the deeds of other brave men. Divers who went down off the coast of Santiago after the Spanish fleet was destroyed brought up many interesting curios, with the result that this case contains binnacles, compasses, lanterns, and many other articles of ship furniture.

Three other cases are filled with articles that tell of the peaceful conquest of Porto Rico. There are swords and guns, ancient and modern, coins, medals, and the uniforms of Spanish officers and privates. A pair of rusty old handcuffs and another of leg-irons hint of dark dungeons beneath grim Spanish forts, of the sufferings and tortures prisoners there were compelled to undergo. Flags captured on land and sea, curious weapons and utensils of ancient Spanish workmanship, and the accoutrements of soldiers of both armies make up the rest of the collection. A ponderous piece of work in bronze is the centre portion of the stern ornament of the *Cristóbal Colon*. It represents the Spanish coat of arms, and is about five feet by four in size, and nearly a foot in thickness. The Philippines and other distant islands have furnished curious specimens of native handicraft, and the private soldier has sent in his cooking-kit and "housewife" to add to the interest and completeness of the collection. H. H. B.



Capt. Henry Reilly

CAPTAIN HENRY J. REILLY, of the Fifth United States Artillery, who was killed in the assault on Peking August 15, was one of the most popular officers of the army. He entered the regular service at the outbreak of the civil war, and made himself conspicuous for ability and gallantry. He had been in the Fifth Artillery ever since he entered the army, serving with Dupont's Battery during the civil war. While quartermaster at Governors Island, and, under General Hancock, he inaugurated many reforms and improvements. Captain Reilly had been in command of Battery F, which he led at Peking, for the past six years, during which time he frequently received special commendation in official reports for his conduct in battle in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

THE direct effect of the uncertain situation in China is chiefly felt in London, on account of the heavy drain upon government resources there for nearly a year, occasioned by the war in South Africa. The drawing of gold from this country by the last Exchequer loan somewhat relieved the situation, and the money-market became easier. The Bank of England gold reserve is still down to a trifle over $150,000,000, which is less by nearly $17,000,000 than it was a year ago. Considering that this is practically the banking reserve of all Great Britain, the figure is very low, but nowhere in the world is there such a highly developed and, on the whole, such a safe credit system.

The Bank of France is still increasing its stock of gold, which amounts to nearly $450,000,000, or about $60,000,000 more than a year ago this time, besides which that institution holds about $225,000,000 in silver. The option which it has of redeeming its notes in silver is sometimes exercised to protect its gold. Its enormous specie holdings are due to the fact that business operations in France are carried on much more largely on a cash basis than in England or the United States.

Checks and drafts are much less used, and the large volume of Bank of France notes is always fluctuating according to the demands of trade. There is a little more ease in the situation at Berlin, but dulness prevails on all the European exchanges.

In New York the condition of the money-market continues practically unchanged. The shipment abroad of some $18,000,000 of gold within ten days after the allotment to this country of about $28,000,000 of the English loan was followed by a reduction of over $8,000,000 in the cash reserves of the New York Clearing-house banks. There was, however, a decrease of about $3,000,000 in deposits the same week, and the surplus over the legal requirement of reserves was reduced only about $7,500,000. This caused no disquietude, as the market was dull and the government redemption of the extended 2-per-cent. bonds promised to restore the equilibrium. The demand from the interior for money to move the crops does not appear so early or so strong as usual. This is attributed in part to the establishment of a considerable number of small banks in the South and West, which help to supply the local needs for currency. The announcement of the arrival of $4,500,000 more of gold at Seattle from the Alaska diggings was another factor in maintaining the equanimity of the money-market.

The midsummer dulness in stocks seems to have sunk into a dog-day listlessness, and it is long since Wall Street has experienced such an inglorious languor. There has been a protracted vacation feeling there, and everybody is in a waiting mood. Politics may have something to do with this, but politics is waiting, too. Whether or not there are apathy and indifference, there is inactivity, except at the party headquarters. There are signs of concern among some of the managers, especially those who have the interests of the present Administration on their minds. There are uncertain elements and a shifting of forces on account of unfamiliar issues, which make them await with some apparent anxiety the time for beginning active campaign work.

The volume of bank clearings is smaller than a year ago, and has been diminishing slightly at the business centres of the East. In fact, there has been more of a summer dulness in general industry and trade this year than for two years before, but reports for the autumn grow rather more hopeful. The iron and steel business, which is considered to deal with the "basic industries," does not get quite settled, and the painful efforts to adjust production and prices so as to stimulate a waiting demand are not over yet. Relief by export orders is hindered by lack of transport facilities, due to so many vessels being drawn into service for troops and military supplies in the East. But for this there would be a considerable exportation of coal from this country, though the freight charges would about equal the price of the commodity at our ports. There is some sending of coal abroad in spite of this difficulty.

An official compilation of the production of iron ore in the United States in 1899 puts it at 24,683,173 long tons, which is greater by 5,249,997 than that of 1898, which excelled all previous records for any country. The nearest approach was 18,062,040 tons in England in 1880. The production in that country has declined. Over 17,200,000 tons of our iron ore came last year out of the two States of Michigan and Minnesota.